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HIRE A LAWYER?
Page 6.

JULY/AUGUST 1976

THE MEDIA MAGAZINE

\$1.00

MORE

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on TV Floor
Teams

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Most Powerful
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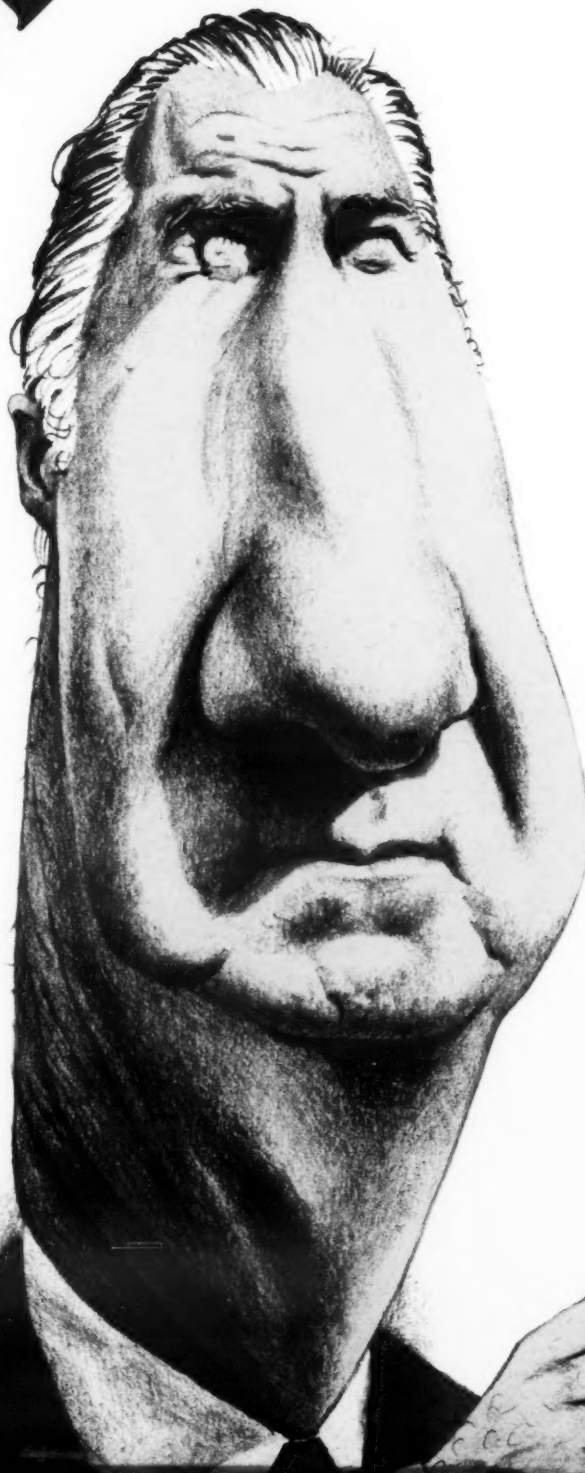
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The Jews in Agnew's 'Cabal'

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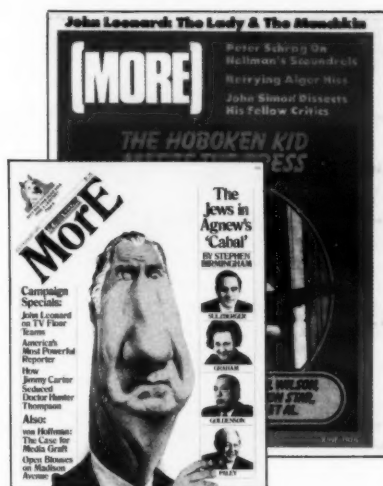
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NEW LEAD

What's Going On Here



With this issue, MORE changes its ownership, its format and its scope. For the past five years in tabloid size, MORE has focused its attention on print journalism—ably, with wit and with a point to make. We plan to continue this tradition, but we also want to do more.

With this issue we'll begin to expand our coverage of the other kingdoms in the media realm: television, film, radio, advertising, publishing, public relations, design and marketing. We believe that all these fields have one thing in common: they try to tell a story.

We are going to tell the stories behind these stories.

Many of our readers are insiders in their own fields. But TV insiders, for instance, are frequently outsiders when it comes to advertising, say, or publishing. Media worlds are too often insulated; they simply do not communicate. Exciting and important developments in one area go unreported and ignored in the others. Our goal is to bring together in this magazine a sense of what's going on in each subdivision of the sprawling entity that calls itself "the media." We'll write about media and media events for insiders and outsiders—for the people who stood in line to see *All The President's Men* as well as for those of us in the business—because we are all media consumers. We think we're in the most exciting business there is, and we want to

communicate that excitement.

We won't just tell you how an ad campaign or a TV special looks on your screen—you know that already. We will tell you about the big battles and the big business decisions that shape what you see before you see it. We'll try to tell you about the people who make the decisions and the mistakes: the media manipulators who sell the best sellers before a word is written, the little known technologists who are revolutionizing communications, the art directors and agents, the generals and footsoldiers from Walter Cronkite to Mr. Whipple. These processes and these people are our beat.

We expect MORE to be the best magazine about the media ever published. We'll try to be entertaining without being frivolous, enlightening without being ponderous—and we hope to have a lot of fun along the way. Doubtless we'll make our share of mistakes. And doubtless our readers will tell us when we do. Which is fine. Because we want all who read MORE to become involved in the magazine. We want to hear from you.

NOTE TO SUBSCRIBERS: Since the July and August issues of MORE have been combined, each subscription that expires with August 1976 or later will be extended by one month. Beginning in September MORE will resume monthly publication.

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LETTERS

'SIMPLISTIC'

John Chancellor was pitifully simplistic in charging that good black correspondents "are extremely hard to locate" ["John Chancellor On The Record"—May 1976]. In several large cities, including Detroit, there are hopeful young black anchormen. But undoubtedly the market is diminished by the male white who is "vaguely handsome and pleasant-looking"—just take another look at your "prettiest anchormen" spread ["The First Annual Anchorman Face-Off"—April 1976]. You grilled Chancellor for NBC's lack of black writers and crew, but just how many Afro-Americans does MORE have on its staff?

—Alex Hand
Ann Arbor, Mich.

'DIRTY POOL'

James Fordham's Furthermore column, "Just a Matter of Simple Justice?" (June 1976), begins by stating that a media bias has stifled debate on the Equal Rights Amendment. Rather than prove his lack-of-debate point by documented content/space comparisons, Fordham begins attacking the legislation itself and feminist organizations in general by the column's fifth paragraph.

He says: "A major distortion of coverage of the Equal Rights Amendment has been the widespread tendency to equate the measure with 'equal rights,' as though the terms were synonymous." The Webster's Collegiate Dictionary definition of "synonymous" is words or expressions that "have the same or nearly the same meaning in some or all senses." Since the phrase "equality of rights" is included in the language of the proposed amendment, I would say that the two phrases are in-

deed synonymous.

Later in the piece Mr. Fordham says: "The press also has been docile in its acquiescence to the contention of feminists that they represent American women." Yet the examples he sets forth are of the press making the feminists represent American women, not the feminists putting themselves in the position.

As a supporter of the ERA, I do not agree with Mr. Fordham's statements, but, as an equally enthusiastic supporter of clear writing, I would prefer reading them in a more logical and less emotional order.

—M.J. Smith
Livingston, N.J.

I suppose the best that can be said about James Fordham's shrill piece on the ERA is that at least he takes feminism seriously enough to worry about it.

But I feel obliged to point out one particularly vicious and misleading element of his article. Fordham says that "every feminist organization eagerly [watch those adverbs] supports" the ERA, and then goes on to say that the objectives of the feminist revolution include "abolishment of all sex roles, lessening of the importance of marriage and family, legitimization of homosexuality, free universal day care, abortion on demand and feminist indoctrination in day-care centers and schools."

He thus manages to suggest that since (a) all feminist organizations support the ERA (and I'm not even sure that that's true), and since (b) some (but by no means all) feminist groups would support the whole of the platform outlined above in scary terms such as "indoctrination," then (c) the ERA is actually designed to bring about those results, and if passed the legis-

lation will do so.

This is sheer nonsense, and dirty pool. The ERA is not, in its language or its intent, designed to weaken the family, legitimize homosexuality or do any of the things Fordham clearly finds so threatening. It is a minimal affirmation that discrimination "on account of sex" is contrary to the spirit of the United States Constitution. Feminism may be revolutionary, but the ERA is a matter of basic civil rights.

I would also add that I think MORE might be a bit more



cautious about giving an open platform to any anti-liberal who comes down the pike (see also the letter by George Gilder in the same issue). Even if there is a "liberal bias" in some newspaper and television reporting, this need not mean that MORE is obliged to allow itself to be pushed to the right.

—Sherry B. Ortner
New York, N.Y.

WRONG GILLERS

In his article on Frank Sinatra ["I Say They're Bums . . ."] (June 1976), William O'Reilly identifies me as William Gillers when discussing Mr. Sinatra's legal action against Macmillan Publishing Co. and Earl Wilson. I write to correct this error only because I have a cousin named William Gillers, who is also a lawyer, and who should not be mistakenly identified with my clients.

Mr. O'Reilly also says that I have "traveled a long road" since the time that I was executive director of the Committee for Public Justice. I will

not guess at the direction Mr. O'Reilly believes that road takes, but it should be said that I am still a member of the board of the Committee for Public Justice and have been since leaving as executive director three years ago.

—Stephen Gillers
Warner and Gillers, P.C.
New York, N.Y.

DRIVING ERROR

Robert Friedman's article in your May issue ["Try American Capitalism Today!"] is inaccurate in stating that the major cause of highway accidents is defective automobiles.

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration says human factors cause 65 per cent of highway accidents; environmental factors are responsible for 22 per cent; and vehicle factors such as worn tires and brakes account for 13 per cent of highway mishaps. Study after study has shown that alcohol is involved in at least half of all highway fatalities.

This data would indicate that traffic safety ads designed to encourage seat belt use and discourage drunken driving are right on target.

—Anthony V. Gagliardi
Public Relations
General Motors Corporation
Detroit, Mich.

Robert Friedman replies: I stand corrected. Nevertheless, I believe the point I was making about the Advertising Council's auto safety campaign is still valid. I never intended to take issue with ads about drunken driving. But all the council's attention is directed at individual responsibility. Why do we never see public service advertising informing us about the recall of automobiles? Every year, hundreds of thousands of cars produced in this country are recalled to repair potentially hazardous defects. Even if only 13 per cent of all accidents are caused by defective vehicles, as General Motors claims, that's still equivalent to roughly 5,000 highway fatalities each year. ■

Why International Paper is helping to develop a 1,000,000-acre forest on land it doesn't own

We want to make sure there'll still be enough wood products around when your children grow up.

Industry sources estimate Americans will use about twice as much paper and wood in the year 2000 as they use today. And the U.S. Forest Service predicts that our nation's commercial timberlands won't be able to keep up with the demand.

One of our solutions is to help private landowners increase their yield. They own about 60 percent of America's forest lands — yet produce only 30 percent of the wood fiber. (Forest products companies own only 13 percent of the forest lands — and produce 34 percent of America's fiber.)

We're looking especially to people who own land close to our operations in the South — America's woodbasket. In 1976 we'll expand our program to the Northeast and West Coast.

How we help landowners

We do it through the Landowner Assistance Program.

We'll show a private landowner how to prepare a site, plant, protect, thin, and harvest — at no charge. This way, he can get the most from his forest land — in some cases, *double* his yield.

We'll even find a contractor to do the actual work. Or

do the job ourselves at cost.

For this help, IP gets the right to purchase the timber at competitive prices.

We've got more than 300,000 acres in the Landowner Assistance Program now. We're aiming for 1,000,000 before 1980.

A big help. But it's only one thing we're doing to increase the world's wood-fiber supply.

Higher yield from our own lands

We've developed a Supertree — a southern pine that grows taller, straighter, healthier and faster than ordinary pines.

We're experimenting with a new machine that can harvest an entire tree — tap-roots and all. The roots used to be left in the ground.

We're moving ahead on fertilization techniques. Tree Farm programs. Research.

Will all this be enough to

keep the world's fiber supply going strong?

It'll help. But more must be done.

At International Paper, we believe forest products companies, private landowners and government should work together to develop more constructive policies for managing America's forests. The wrong policies can make tree farming impossible and force the sale of forest land for other purposes. The right policies can assure continuation of America's forests — a renewable natural resource.

If you'd like more information about what has to be done to assure the world's fiber supply, write Dept. 147-A, International Paper Company, 220 East 42nd St., New York, New York 10017.



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HELLBOX

Rin Tin Tin vs. Won Ton Ton/Mondale and the sex mag/New Miss Muriel sought/Writers junket on QE 2/The great newspaper feud/Post shuffle

BIG BOW-WOW POW-WOW

Dead Many Years, Rin Tin Tin Hounds Paramount's New Dog

Rin Tin Tin, or Won Ton Ton? That is the question, and Herbert B. Leonard is looking for the answer in a \$2.5 million copyright violation suit against Paramount Pictures Corp., distributors of *Won Ton Ton—the Dog That Saved Hollywood*. Leonard, producer of both the 1950s TV series *The Adventures of Rin Tin Tin*, starring Rin Tin Tin TV, and of a re-edited version presently being shown on independent stations starring Rin Tin Tin VII, claims sole

copyright ownership of the series, plus any motion picture, publishing or merchandising rights connected with Rinnie's name. His co-plaintiff in the suit is Eva Duncan, who together with her late husband Lee, owned and trained the patriarch of them all, Rin Tin Tin I, star of the Warner Bros. films of the 1920s.

Lee Duncan, a non-commissioned Air Corps pilot during World War I, found a German Shepherd puppy in France in a trench abandoned by the

Kaiser's infantry at the end of the war. Duncan brought his war booty home to California and started training him. People who watched the canine scale 12-foot-high walls were apparently impressed enough to suggest that Rinnie "oughta be in pictures." At Warner Bros., Rinnie got his big break, passing his screen test and replacing a wolf who had a nasty habit of biting members of the cast. Rinnie's films from 1924 to 1931 were largely responsible for putting the debt-ridden company back on its feet.

The resemblance between Won Ton Ton and Rin Tin Tin is more than syllabic. Won Ton Ton's opening scene is set in a Hollywood alley where starving actress (Madeline Kahn) meets starving dog (coincidentally a German shepherd) hiding in a garbage can.

The actress becomes the dog's trainer as both climb to the motion picture big-time. The movie they star in bombs and they part company as their respective lives and careers go on the skids. But the actress gets rediscovered and both she and her rediscovered director-husband (Bruce Dern) search for the pooch who made it all possible. Finally, they are reunited, and the trio, actress, director and cur walk off into the sunset.

Leonard's copyright violation suit was originally filed at Los Angeles Superior Court on August 20, 1975. At a preliminary hearing last September, Leonard sought an injunction banning film production until Paramount changed the proposed title and the proposed German shepherd to another breed. The requested injunction was turned down. James Tierney, who is representing Herbert B. Leonard Productions, says his client's suit is based on "unfair competition," adding, "Rin Tin Tin is a property right. If you want to use the name, you have to pay for it."

In a trial that promises great growling and gnashing of teeth, lawyers for both dogs will be thrown into the pit on Sept. 21.

—SHARON BROYDE

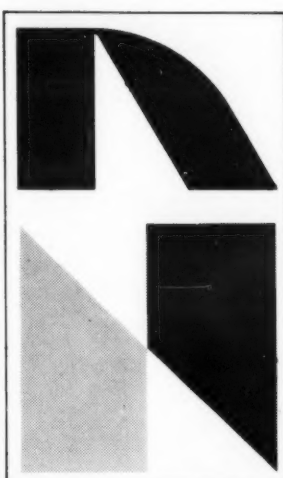


Rin Tin Tin (right, with TV colleagues "Corporal" Rusty, Lieutenant Masters and Sergeant O'Hara) sizes up the new dog in town and declares him an unlawful imposter.

SYMBOLIC VICTORY

The Corn Husker State Says 'So There' to NBC

The Nebraska Educational Television Network—the station that brought you the NBC logo before NBC did and was paid off handsomely by NBC to go back to the drawing board—is back from the drawing board. Its new logo (above) is the same color red as the first "N" that ETV copyrighted and was using months before NBC spent \$750,000 to come up with the same design (below). But the new ETV symbol is much more graceful and less ob-



Nebraska's very stylish logo (above) tops NBC's very expensive logo.

trusive, proving once again that anyone can do things as well as or better than NBC. The new "N" will appear not only on Nebraska television, but on the \$500,000-worth of camera equipment plus a color remote truck that NBC sent along to persuade ETV to discontinue using the old logo. ETV program manager Ron Hull notes that this time around an extensive search was undertaken by the network's legal counsel for possible logo look-alikes, and that none was found.

NOT YOUR BEST BET

Charter Subscribers Are Denied Their Birthright

Each week, a short feature in *New York* magazine called "Consumer Aware" dispenses information for smart shoppers, and tidbits on the latest commercial ripoffs. One subject "Consumer Aware" hasn't covered, but should, is *New York*'s own policies.

Back in 1968, as an enticement to build circulation for the then-new magazine, *New York* promised that charter subscribers would always be able to resubscribe at the lowest possible rate, no matter

how high prices might go. Early this year, charter subscriber Peter A. Gergay renewed his subscription for two years at an annual rate of \$11. The regular subscription rate at that time was \$16. Several weeks later, Gergay received an offer in the mail to subscribe to *New York* for only \$8 a year. Apparently, the magazine had mistakenly sent charter-subscriber Gergay a promotion offer for new subscribers—revealing to him that he wasn't really getting *New York*'s lowest possible rate after all.

Gergay wrote requesting a refund, and *New York*, with no argument, sent him \$6, the difference between an \$11 annual rate and an \$8 annual rate over two years.

Another recent *New York* mailing to charter subscribers urged them to renew for \$14 a year, before the charter rate jumped to \$17 on June 1. At about the same time, *New York* mailed out a promotion offering subscriptions for 19¢ an issue for "as many weeks as you want." That's an annual rate of only \$9.88, or 30 per cent less than the \$14 offer to charter subscribers.

New York explains all this quite candidly. According to Carla Graubard, *New York*'s director of circulation planning and operations, the magazine kept its promise to charter subscribers until about a year and a half ago. Now, she says, *New York* is honoring its promise "to some extent, but not fully. We continue to give charter people the lowest renewal and gift rates." That's cheaper than the regular rate (\$18 as of June 1). But, Graubard admits, people who receive introductory offers buy *New York* for less than charter subscribers. Graubard says that any charter subscriber who brings to *New York*'s attention the difference between the lowest offer and what he or she paid will receive an adjustment.

Meantime, a really "aware consumer" should realize that there's a lot of gimmickry

associated with the promotion of many magazines, not only *New York*. "Charter" rates, "special" rates, and "introductory" rates aren't necessarily synonymous with the "cheapest" rate.

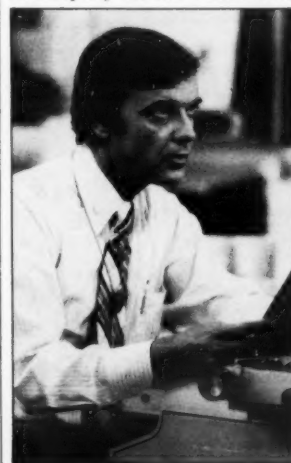
—JAMES GROSSMAN

TWO-FACED NEWSMAN

Gorgeous Anchorman Now Wiser—And Older

You've seen this face before—this dark, brooding, handsome face. It belongs to Jack Hynes of Boston's WCVB-TV. Last month we declared Hynes the nation's best-looking anchorman, by virtue of his having won *MORE*'s First Annual Anchorman Face-Off. But only after the contest closed did we learn how many faces Jack really had.

In early May, Hynes was informed that he was the choice of *MORE*'s readers. He seemed quite pleased, told the gang in the WCVB newsroom and indicated that he would be available to attend an award ceremony in New York. His prizes were to be a gift certificate for a hairstyling at Vidal Sassoon and a Clairol makeup mirror. We spoke again with Hynes in preparing an in-depth profile of him to accompany the announcement.



Hynes: the winning photo

of the contest results. One promotion director also spoke with Hynes about setting a specific date for the award ceremony. After our June story about Hynes had gone to press, and several days before the ceremony, Hynes fired off telegrams to various news organizations in Boston saying he was refusing the award. "It is predicated on telegenic appearance rather than journalistic criteria," declared Hynes, who probably wouldn't be much fun at a party. "To accept such an award would not be consistent with my own view of the role of a broadcast journalist or with the philosophy of WCVB-TV." The ceremony was canceled. But like it or not, Hynes is still the winner. He is our first annual most attractive anchorman.

This brings us to the hard part—particularly hard for those who supported Jack at the polls. The picture on the left is the one sent to us by WCVB, which was used in the contest. Alongside the bland prettiness of competing anchormen, Hynes's lean, rugged, mature face was a clear standout. After he won, we assigned our own photographer to take some fresh pictures of this 47-year-old dreamboat. You can see one of these up-to-date pictures on the right, below. Jack, we still love you, but lay off the chocolate cake.

—C.C.



Hynes: the latest photo

J. Berndt

HELLBOX

WHY DON'T YOU PICK...

Muriel Seeks Goddess To Perk Up Cigar Sales

When Edie Adams slinked through Muriel Cigar commercials purring, "Why don't you pick one up and smoke it sometime?" millions of American men went racing to their humidors. In 1972, Consolidated Cigar Corp. dropped Adams and began featuring male sports figures as Muriel spokesmen. Sales didn't respond. "We found that Edie overwhelmingly represented sex to smokers," says John Baldari, Muriel account supervisor at the DKG, Inc., ad agency. "She excited them. Smoking put men closer to Edie." Obviously, the only thing to do was launch a \$10

million search for a new Miss Muriel to warm the home fires.

This time around the lucky lady will be chosen by the public. The balloting gets under way in August, when the three candidates will be used to introduce Muriel Air Tips. Each would-be Miss M will be outfitted in her own identifiable uniform, each with color-coordinated feather boa.

Hoping to catch the brass ring are Susan Anton, a onetime Miss California; Jan Daley, a former Miss Glendale, Miss California and Miss Post Office; and Margaret Davies, an aspiring actress who travels with her own pack of small cigars and says of the contest, "We're being treated as young, beautiful women. If that happens to be a sex object to some people, that's their opinion."

—SONIA ZALUBOWSKI



Trying to put sex back into smoking are, left to right, Susan Anton, Margaret Davies and Jan Daley.

MS. CURTIS REGRETS

Changes at Wash. Post Prompt Speculation

The rumor quotient regarding impending editorial changes at *The Washington Post* is running so high that one might think something significant were going on. Most interesting is the person who apparently said no. Charlotte Curtis, associate editor of *The New York Times*, would not deny that she was asked to replace Thomas Kendricks as editor of the *Post*'s once innovative Style section. "Suffice it to say I had lunch at *The Washington Post* recently," says Curtis, but "I have no plans to go to Washington." Latest scuttlebutt gives the job to Shelby Coffey, editor of the *Post*'s Sunday magazine, *Potomac*.

Another announcement is expected soon concerning Richard Harwood, former *Post* national editor and U.S. Marine, now commanding the troops at the *Post*-owned *Trenton Times*. Harwood's not surprising return to Washington may be linked to dissatisfaction there with the operation of the national desk.

—RICHARD MERRILL COHEN

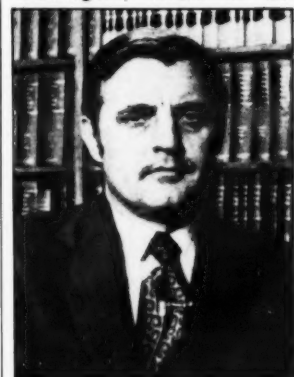
SEN. SUED BY SEX MAG

We're Not 'Filthy And Disgusting,' Says Genesis

In the world of slick men's magazines, the flesh-filled centerfolds are only slightly more predictable than the serious articles and quality fiction that provide a veneer of respectability. One such obligatory article, entitled "Why Presidents Hate the Press," appeared in the May issue of *Genesis* alongside such features as "Erotic Diary of an Oversexed Cheerleader," "Nola & Connie" and Marilyn

Chambers' advice column. The article was excerpted from a book called *The Accountability of Power*, written by Senator Walter F. Mondale (D., Minn.) and published by David McKay & Co. Mondale didn't know he was sharing covers with the likes of Nola and Connie until a friend called and kidded him about writing for "that kind of magazine."

"I want the people of Minnesota to know that I am outraged," Mondale said at an April 14 news gathering in Washington, where he an-



Mondale: "disgusting act" UPI

nounced that he was suing McKay for breach of contract because the excerpt had been published without his consent. According to The Associated Press, "The Senator called [*Genesis*] 'a filthy piece of literature' and said there was no excuse for the publisher's 'really disgusting act' of selling the excerpt to *Genesis*."

Genesis, however, prefers to think of itself simply as "the magazine for men," and on May 19 announced it had filed a \$1 million libel suit against Mondale. The suit, filed in U.S. District Court, charges that *Genesis*' "good name, fame, credit and reputation" were "falsely and maliciously" brought into "public scandal, infamy, ill repute and disgrace" by Mondale's remarks.

Mondale's sue me-sue you blues began in October when McKay sold second serialization rights for one chapter of

his book to *Genesis* for \$300, to be split 50-50 with the author. The book was released Dec. 19, with the excerpt slated to appear in the April, May or June issue. Publishers usually make subsidiary rights sales, but in Mondale's situation "it was stated in the contract that we had to have the author's approval, which we did not get," says McKay's Anthony Battiato.

In an April 7 letter to Mondale, Battiato apologized for the "unfortunate occurrence," and suggested that the excerpt "was placed with a magazine that is about as inappropriate for your readership and constituency as may conceivably exist." Battiato blamed the sale on an employee no longer on the McKay payroll who "saw the *Genesis* stationery"—consisting of the magazine's title, plain letterhead and a small red devil wearing a fig leaf—"and thought it was a religious publication."

Mondale, the son of a minister, probably won't buy that explanation. For one thing, he's gone so far as to refuse his \$150 fee for the article. For another, according to his administrative assistant, Richard Moe, Mondale is seeking an injunction against further subsidiary rights sales and an annulment of the contract's provision granting McKay first rights to publish future books by Mondale. He has also retained Washington super-lawyer Joseph Califano to represent him.

A magazine suing an individual for libel is, at the very least, an oddity, but *Genesis* publisher Norman Hill declares that "we're in our side to stay." He claims that Mondale's statement "hurt us with advertisers, potential advertisers, writers, and other editorial sources," which he declines to name at this time; but national advertising director Sam Messiter says that "as far as I know there hasn't been a falling-off of advertising. In fact, we're doing quite nicely."

—SHARON BROYDE



Jong: no fear of sailing

SHIP OF FOOLS?

Writers Sing For Supper And Sail For Free

When shuffleboard begins to drag, how about once around the deck with Erica Jong? Or would you rather go one on one with Marquis Childs? On transatlantic crossings of the Queen Elizabeth 2 these days, the *literati* are much in evidence, thanks to Cunard's Festival of Life program. Each participant is required to give two lectures on the five and a half day crossing. In exchange, they travel for free. They are also supposed to make themselves generally available to the passengers for exchange of ideas.

Among those cruising the decks waiting to debate with Mrs. Magillicuddy will be Jimmy Breslin, Cleveland Amory, Art Buchwald, Heywood Hale Broun, Walter Kerr and John Simon. Others feeling no financial pain on their trip will be *New York Times* bridge editor Alan Truscott, *Saturday Review* poetry editor John Ciardi and *SR* music editor Irving Kolodin. Gloria Steinem expects to do some interviews when she gets to Euorpe. *New York* music critic Alan Rich, who will do theater reviews in England, plans one lecture on the state of the theater and one on the direction of modern music. Dr. Joyce Brothers will discourse on "Love 1976."

—KATHERINE KARLIN

THEM'S FIGHTIN' WORDS, HOMER

Newspaper Feud Erupts In Hills Of Kentucky; Much Ink Spilled

The Hatfields and McCoys may have buried their hatchets, but the Marcums and Kirks surely have not. In this long-simmering feud involving two competing newspapers, no blood has been let; but since the warfare became open last spring, the publisher of one of the papers has been arrested three times, the county's grand jury system has collapsed, libel charges are stacking up in the county courthouse and hatred is beginning to run as deep as the seams of coal under Inez, Kentucky.

Inez, the seat of Martin County, is in the middle of what was once the poorest all-white population unit in the world. It is home to two twice-weeklies, *The Martin County Mercury* and *The Martin Countian*. People are better-off now in Inez than they were in the mid-60s, thanks to the new coal money, but wealth has brought power struggles—like the one be-

tween Homer Marcum and John Kirk.

Like all feuds, it is hard to point out what single event kicked it off. It may have started four years ago when Marcum, now editor of the recently established *Martin Countian*, was fired by Kirk, then owner-editor of the *Mercury* and now the county attorney. It may have been when Kirk arrested Marcum's brother on a drug charge. It may have been started with the two men's quarrels over local politics.

Whatever started it, things have been bad for a long time. They got out of hand in April, when a grand jury which included Homer Marcum's wife, mother and mother-in-law, indicted County Attorney John Kirk on two counts of unlawful imprisonment (growing out of the detention of two garbage men); Kirk's father on two counts of jury tampering; and a deputy sheriff (who hap-



The Kirk family pauses to reload their shotguns as they lie in wait for the Marcums. "It's a whole lot like the way the U.S. got into the war with Spain," says clan chief James Kirk (first row, center).

Bettmann Archive

HELLBOX

pens to be a political ally of Kirk's) on charges of being drunk on duty. The indictments were suppressed by a circuit court judge, for whom Kirk had campaigned, but a special judge later reopened them. He promptly quashed the indictment against Kirk.

Less than a month later, Kirk arrested Marcum, charging him with three counts of contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Kirk said that Marcum had hired three young boys to hawk his newspaper during school hours. A fourth count of the same charge was added two weeks later. Then Marcum was arrested for drunken driving by a county sheriff sympathetic to Kirk, even though a state trooper said that Marcum was not drunk. Marcum charges that the arrests are part of "Kirk's open harassment campaign to put myself and my paper under."

Other skirmishes in the apparent offensive against Marcum include a letter from Kirk's wife asking *Mercury* advertisers not to buy space in Marcum's paper; Kirk's own efforts to monopolize Maftin County's advertising in the *Mercury*; and Kirk's \$100,000 libel suit against Marcum. The suit grows regularly, since Kirk adds new charges whenever he finds something he considers "false, malicious and libelous in Marcum's paper." There are now three charges in the suit and an attempt to file a fourth charge was denied by a judge.

Marcum's paper, the *Courier*, not only cuts into the *Mercury's* circulation; it also supports Ray Fields, the top executive in local government, a man whom Kirk does not get along with politically. Marcum claims that the *Mercury*, which Kirk started eight years ago and sold last fall, is destroying Fields in an effort to bring the

Kirk clan to power.

Kirk says there is no campaign against Marcum. He says that he charged Marcum with contributing to the delinquency of a minor only after the children's parents swore out warrants against Marcum. (One of the complaining parents is named . . . Cora Ann Kirk. She is a convicted murderer who says that she didn't know why she was being summoned to Kirk's office until she was presented with a warrant to sign against Marcum.)

"It is a whole lot like the way the U.S. got into the war with Spain," Kirk told MORE recently. "You know, bomb the *Maine* and then blame them. At first people will be tempted to say that it's a case of an elected official using his power against a poor struggling newspaper editor, and the official ends up as a bastard. The fact is that it's an effort by him to increase his circulation."

"It's a case of First Amendment freedoms being violated," counters Marcum, who has asked the Kentucky Press Association to look into the matter. "It is obvious that he is trying to harass me out of existence by using his political power."

—LAER PEARCE

SILENCED AT COURT

A Muzzle For The Noisy Tennis Reporter

It's match point. Fifty thousand dollars are at stake. Laver prepares to serve, and Newcombe nervously bounces up and down. The stadium is hushed. As Laver tosses up the ball, a court-side scribe, anxious to capture the moment, puts finger to typewriter. Clackety clack clack. The ball

slams into the net.

Such distractions from the press box regularly draw complaints from temperamental tennis pros. So for this summer's *Washington Star* tennis tournament, sports PR man Charlie Brotman has invented a typewriter muffler to enable athlete and author to co-exist peacefully. Brotman, who worked with a Maryland cabinetmaker, claims the device will stifle typewriter racket by 90 per cent.

This is the way it works. A box, insulated with acoustic tile, will fit over the typewriter, allowing the carriage to move freely. The copy paper will be visible, but only by opening a sliding panel in the insulated box. The muffler remains open in the front so that the keys are exposed.

—BRUCE ROBERTS

SHRINK OR SWIM

Publishers Cut Size To Trim Costs

The days of the oversized magazine are numbered. *Vogue*, *Town & Country*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Better Homes & Gardens*, *House Beautiful* and *House & Garden* are reducing their formats to a standard eight and one quarter by eleven inches beginning January 1977. While all these magazines are selling well, the

change has been precipitated by a nearly 20 per cent increase in paper costs and increases in postage and printing.

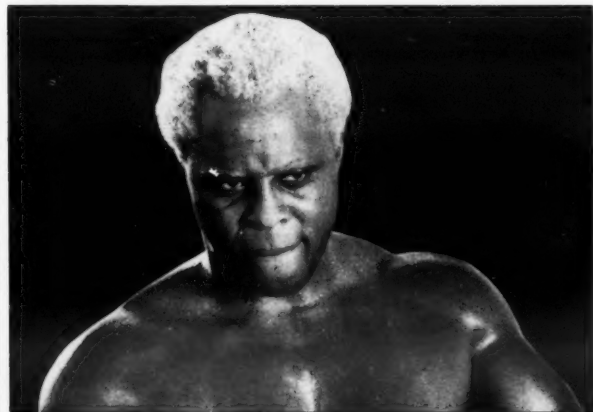
LEADBELLY ACHING

Singer's Family Can't Stomach Screenplay

As portrayed in Gordon Parks's film, the great folksinger Leadbelly did his share of hard living and took more than his share of hard knocks. Some critics thought the film overly romanticized Leadbelly (Huddie Ledbetter), who was jailed three times (twice for murder) and who wrote such songs as "Good Night Irene," "Rock Island Line," and "Cotton Fields Back Home."

Other critics—Leadbelly's Texas and Louisiana relatives—thought the film overly harsh in its treatment and are suing Paramount Pictures for \$16.5 million, charging defamation of character. In a suit filed in Federal Court in Houston, members of the Ledbetter family claim that Leadbelly is depicted in the film in a "vile and rude manner which would shock the conscience." According to the Ledbetters' attorney, Roy Smith, his clients were never consulted prior to production and learned about the film through advertisements.

—B.R.

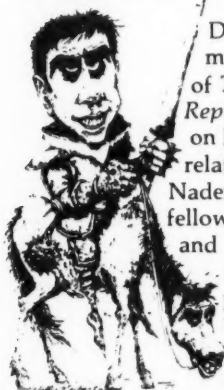


Leadbelly: did director Gordon Parks portray the late blues singer Huddie Ledbetter in a "vile and degrading" manner?

New Republic Books wants you to get to know Ralph Nader, H.L. Mencken, Bob Woodward, Carl Bernstein, Sy Hersh and some other very interesting people.

Me & Ralph: Is Nader Unsafe for America? by David Sanford

Is Ralph Nader really the hero he's made out to be? Is he totally honest, hardworking, modest, devoted to the "public interest," disdainful of money, property, personal power, and conventional pleasure? Or are there chinks in his armor?



David Sanford, managing editor of *The New Republic*, draws on his ten-year relationship with Nader— as friend, fellow investigator, and ultimately as antagonist—to provide insights that Nader's many biographers missed or neglected.

The Nader myth doesn't begin to explain what power has done to Ralph Nader. *Me & Ralph* does. **\$7.95**

"Sanford predicts Nader will call it all 'false and scurrilous.' Others will welcome it as a long overdue x-ray of the consumers' icon." —The Kirkus Reviews

Mencken's Last Campaign Edited with an Introduction by Joseph C. Goulden

Mencken on American politics:
"A carnival of buncombe!"

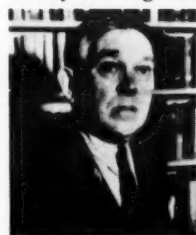
Mencken on political candidates:

"I am completely neutral. I'm against them all."

Mencken on the Presidency:

"It is my firm conviction, reached after long experience, profound pondering and incessant prayer, that no man who is worth a hoot will ever be president of the United States hereafter. We are doomed to suffer an endless procession of quacks—until, that is, the republic itself blows up."

The 1948 presidential campaign marked H. L. Mencken's return to politics after occupying a shadowy place in the public consciousness since just before World War II. And what subjects for the great iconoclast of American journalism: panting Republicans, unhappy Democrats, protesting Dixiecrats, and a Gideon's Army of Progressives.



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and, regrettably, has none today. **\$8.95**

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\$10.00



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DOES A ZIONIST CONSPIRACY CONTROL THE MEDIA?

Agnew Envisions Jewish Media Barons Meeting To Plot Favorable Coverage of Israel

Does Paley talk to Punch and does Mrs. Graham keep kosher?

BY STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM Not long ago, speaking in another context, Dorothy Schiff was quoted as saying of herself, "As to being Jewish, C. P. Snow wrote that once you reach a certain financial level, people don't think of you as being anything but rich." Money alone, she seemed to imply, was sufficient to bridge the gap between her proud old German-Jewish family and the equally *hubris*-laden WASP Roosevelts.

On the surface, this notion sounds a bit frivolous and oversimplified, and in keeping with Dolly Schiff's own somewhat giggly personality. And yet, on examination, it makes a certain amount of sense. Mrs. Schiff's brother John married George F. Baker's (First National Bank) daughter Edith, went sailing into the *Social Register* and became "the only Jew" to belong to the Piping Rock Club. Mrs. Schiff's second cousin, Felicia Warburg, married Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. (If Dolly Schiff had married FDR, the Schiff-Roosevelt relationship would by now be almost incestuous.) Another cousin, Edward M. M. Warburg, married Mary Whalen Prue, which connected the Schiff-Warburg family complex with the Mellons. If the dead do turn, even slightly, in their graves as the result of deeds committed by later generations, then Jacob H. Schiff, the founder of the American dynasty, must indeed be spinning wildly in the wake of these developments. Stern and pious and orthodox (though not technically Orthodox), when he died in 1920, Mr. Schiff stipulated in his will that if any of his children or grandchildren married Christians they would forfeit any share in his \$40,000,000 estate.

Dorothy Schiff's remark seemed even more interesting, coming as it did shortly after first-novelist Spiro T. Agnew's dark allegations—in his book *The Canfield Decision*, on the *Today Show* and in various published interviews—that a powerful "Jewish cabal" controls the American news media, that this results in an unfair and pro-Israel slant to the news and that "Zionist influences" in the media are hampering American policy in the Middle East. (In *The Canfield Decision*, the action arm of the cabal is called "Operation Torch." Torch members, prominent and recognizable heads of networks and newspapers keep in constant telephone contact to keep the foes of Zionism in line.) Dorothy Schiff is, after all, the owner and publisher of the *New York Post*, New York's only remaining afternoon daily. Furthermore, her abovementioned second cousin, Felicia Warburg, was for many years married to Robert Sarnoff, formerly

president of NBC and the son of the founder of RCA — media again. Still another Schiff cousin, Gerald Warburg, married Natica Nast, the daughter of Conde Nast— more media. The garden of the Schiff-Warburgs (through a mind-boggling series of marriages involving Strauses, Guggenheims, Seligmans and Loeb's too elaborate to go into here) is also implanted with "connections" to the Sulzbergers, who own and publish our most important national newspaper, *The New York Times*—still more media. And when one stops to think that R. Peter Straus—a Macy's Straus, though he is head of Straus Broadcasting—is married to Ellen Sulzberger, and that *Time* chairman Andrew Heiskell is married to Marian Sulzberger Dryfoos, the plot appears to thicken even more. It does begin to seem as though, where the media are concerned, the headbone is somehow connected to the shinbone.

Following Agnew's remarks, a number of people began ticking off a list of media heads who, though not related to any of the above families, also happen to be Jewish. There is William Paley (CBS). There is Leonard Goldenson (ABC). The present head of NBC is named Julian Goodman, which certainly *sounds* Jewish and makes all three networks seem under "Jewish control." There is Katharine Graham (*The Washington Post* and *Newsweek*). *Time* magazine is not Jewish-owned, but its managing editor, Henry Grunwald, is Jewish. So is Walter Annenberg of Triangle Publications, though no one would be likely to accuse *TV Guide* or the *Racing Form* of influencing foreign policy. The managing editor of *The New York Times*, A. M. Rosenthal, is Jewish, and so are Barbara Walters and Howard Cosell. It was possible to react to the fulminations of old *Nolo Contendere* (which many people do not realize is tantamount to a plea of guilty) with: By gum, he's right.

But before we nod our heads in agreement with Agnew we should consider a few things. During his years in political office it was quite apparent that Agnew could not deal with, much less manipulate or even understand, the media, which he simply looked upon as his personal foes. Now, with his latest attack, it has become clear that he also does not understand the Jews. A "cabal" is a plot or conspiracy involving great secrecy among a tight-knit group of people. If any of the above people could be considered close—or even on particularly good terms—with one another, it would be possible to take Agnew more seriously. But the fact is that a number of the above people barely tolerate one another, and a few do not even speak to one another.

Stephen Birmingham is the author of "Our Crowd."

In New York, for example, Agnew obviously has not grasped the subtle but powerful lines of class, status and family background that separate the city's Jewry and have done so for generations. "It must be terrible," Lord Rothschild is supposed to have said, "to be a Jew in Europe and not be named Rothschild." In New York, there is a similar feeling of superiority among the German-Jewish families of "Our Crowd." And the "Royal Three" German-Jewish families—the interconnected Schiffs, Warburgs and Loeb—feel about themselves in much the same way as do the European Rothschilds. (There are two Loeb families, but only one is considered "real.") But it is not even as simple as that. Within the Schiff-Warburg-Loeb complex, for example, Dorothy Schiff is regarded as something of a pariah. For one thing, she has had four unseemly marriages and divorces. For another, she became a Democrat in a family that has been traditionally Republican. Finally, she bought the *Post* and went into publishing—thus drawing public attention to herself, and her money, in a family that has always preferred to stay out of the public eye. Her aunt, Frieda Schiff Warburg, could barely be civil to her. And her latest confession—of a "relationship" with President Roosevelt—has done little to further endear her to her relatives.

When her cousin, Felicia Warburg, married Robert Sarnoff, there was further consternation among Our Crowd, and particularly among the Royal Three. Sarnoff, after all, was the son of an Eastern European immigrant, and the German Jews have always regarded the Russian and Polish Jews as socially beyond the pale. Brigadier General David Sarnoff was usually referred to, in the group, as "that Russian radio man," and the Sarnoff-Warburg union, while it lasted, was at best an uneasy one—with the Sarnoffs resenting the Warburgs for their toplofty ways, and the Warburgs looking down on the Sarnoffs as social-climbing upstarts. If anything, the Warburgs were happier when their cousin married the Christian FDR, Jr. Any "cabal," then, involving a secret bond between the *New York Post* and the NBC Sarnoffs would have to be ruled out on that basis alone.

So would the possibility of a conspiratorial link between the publishing Sulzbergers and the broadcasting R. Peter Straus. Though both the Strauses and the Sulzbergers are old-line German families, there are important stratifications within the German group itself. Banking families, like the Schiffs, Loeb and Warburgs, tend to think of themselves as out of the topmost drawer, and to talk condescendingly of publishing families like the Sulzbergers. Publishing, after all—to some people—smacks vaguely of show business. At the same time, the Sulzbergers consider themselves more sophisticated and enlightened than the parochial Wall Street bankers. Meanwhile, both the Jewish

banking families and the Jewish publishing families place such Jewish families as the Strauses toward the bottom of the pecking order. Though the Strauses owned R. H. Macy & Company, they were, in the eyes of the others, "in trade"—mere shopkeepers. As the late Frederick M. Warburg, banker, once said of the Strauses, "They never managed to get out of retailing." So, when Peter Straus married Ellen Sulzberger, it was confidently predicted that it would never last (it did). If a cabalistic meeting were ever to take place among any of these people, it would quickly bog down in an argument over who was fit to chair the gathering and who was fit to have a vote in the proceedings.

If, meanwhile, William S. Paley of CBS ever tried to join this imaginary little coterie he would have difficulty getting beyond the front door. Paley, like Sarnoff, is the son of a Russian immigrant who came to Philadelphia, made a tidy fortune in the cigar business, and changed his name—a practice frowned upon by the Our Crowd families. ("Still," says one New Yorker, "so many Palinkoffs and Palinskys have changed their name to Paley that Paley is now officially a Jewish name.") The young and ambitious Paley came to New York, where he tried to ally himself socially with the German-Jewish old guard, found himself rebuffed at every turn, and could not join the elite Harmonie Club (which, for years, was a German-Jews only affair with—until World War I—a portrait of the Kaiser on the wall.) He then focused on Christian society, and managed to do much better in alien corn, capping his social rise with his marriage to Barbara "Babe" Cushing Mortimer, the blonde and beautiful daughter of the pioneering Boston neurosurgeon, Harvey Cushing.

Today, the Paleys are prominent fixtures of New York gentile society—the kind of society the Jewish elite eschews—and few people stop to remember that Paley was "originally" Jewish, proving Dorothy Schiff's thesis that if you are rich enough no one really cares. As for the other two of the "three Jewish heads" of the big networks that Mr. Agnew has cited as part of the cabal, they would not be asked to join the club either. For one thing, they are definitely in show business. For another, they are both small-town boys from places no one has heard of. Leonard Goldenson was born in Scottsdale, Pennsylvania (pop. 5,818), where Zionism—or even Jewishness—was hardly a force in his growing-up years. And as for NBC head Julian Goodman, a Jewish cabal would not accept him because Goodman is not even Jewish, despite Agnew's assumption. Born in Glasgow, Kentucky, of stock that has been staunchly Presbyterian for generations, Goodman was raised a Southern Baptist.

Which brings us to another point that Agnew has obviously missed. The Jews in the "impact media" that he is talking about are, without exception, as they say, "only a little bit Jewish." A

Unlikely Conspirators: 25 Jews In The News



Henry Grunwald
Managing Editor
Time



William Shawn
Editor-In-Chief
New Yorker



Jann Wenner
Editor/Founder
Rolling Stone



Barbara Walters
Co-anchorperson
ABC News



Ron Nessen
Presidential Press
Secretary

number, like Paley, have non-Jewish spouses. (Arthur Sulzberger's first wife was Christian, as was Katharine Graham's late husband.) Most have attended Ivy League colleges, and send their sons to Yale and Princeton rather than Columbia or Brandeis. In New York, they belong to essentially non-Jewish clubs like the Century Association. None are religious Jews, particularly, and most have never set foot inside a synagogue or temple and tend to feel about their Jewishness as one New York *Times* executive does who says, "Well, I was married by a rabbi." These are not people who have been major supporters of Zionist causes, financially or otherwise. The Schiffs, and Sulzbergers in fact, were anti-Zionist. Most are ambivalent about their Jewishness, uncertain what it means and unclear as to what to do with it. Many feel that deciding whether or not to take a Jewish stance is rather like choosing which fork to use in front of an elaborate table setting. As a group they have been, in other words, assimilationists—they are Americans before they are Jews.

In the Sulzberger family, for instance, it was traditional to "tell" a son or daughter that he or she was Jewish on the eve of departure for boarding school — as though Jewishness in a predominantly Christian society was a somewhat untidy fact of life, like sex, that had to be dealt with, coped with, kept in its place, seen in proportion with

other things. As one of the Schiffs says, "I gathered the impression from both of my parents that, no matter what other people might feel, to be a Jew was something of which to be proud. Why this should be so remained unclear. Evidently my parents wanted their son to feel that he had fallen heir to a precious heritage, but neither of them could or would explain just what remained of this heritage if the Jewish religion were shucked off. It seemed to me that nothing more remained than a disbelief in the divinity of Jesus Christ. As a boy, I gathered that some, or perhaps even many, people disliked Jews and looked down on them. My mother confirmed that such was indeed the case. She said that because of this a Jewish boy should always be very careful not to push himself forward. This puzzled me. It seemed like accepting some sort of second-class status."

Because of this don't-push-yourself-forward training, Jews who have risen to business and financial success have tended to put their Jewishness in a back drawer where, as Mrs. Schiff points out, if you are rich enough no one will notice. This is certainly true of the Jewish media leaders. In their *Who's Who in America* paragraphs — which, of course, are written by the biographees themselves, and which usually include the subject's religion — neither William Paley, Leonard Goldenson, Arthur Sulzberger, Walter Annenberg, Barbara

Walters, Mike Wallace, Katharine Graham, A. M. Rosenthal, Robert Sarnoff, nor Dorothy Schiff lists any religious affiliation at all. An exception is Jack Rosenthal, the *Times*'s Associate Editor, who added "Jewish religion" to his paragraph — though Rosenthal insists he is "only a very casual Jew," and adds, "My secretary calls me a Hebrew Calvinist." Nor, with one exception, do any of the above list directorships, offices, or memberships in any Jewish philanthropies, causes, or other organizations. The exception is Mrs. Schiff, who lists her board memberships of Mount Sinai Hospital and the Henry Street Settlement, organizations her grandfather helped found.

As for Zionism, one highly placed *Times* executive says, "I was born in Palestine—but my parents had the sense to get out quickly, when I was three years old. I've never been back. I feel no emotional attachment to Israel—only a kind of abstract curiosity. I feel the same way about Tokyo—another place I'd like to visit some day."

There are, meanwhile, historical reasons why a number of Jews have gravitated toward the media—reasons which Mr. Agnew clearly has not grasped, and which have nothing to do with conspiracies or an attempt to control or slant the news. As Stephen Isaacs points out in his valuable book *Jews and American Politics*, "From the first days of Judaism, intellec-

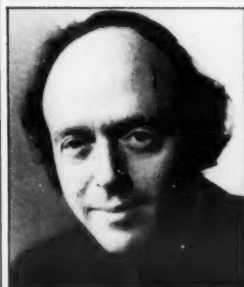
tualism was the most hallowed endeavor, and the most respected individuals were those of The Book—the rabbis, the scribes."

Isaacs notes that the Jews had a system of compulsory education in the First Century A.D. and the Jewish people became one of the most literate on earth. "While the brightest and the ablest of the sons of Jewry studied Torah, those sons who were less scholarly were forced into trade . . ." But even in these less academic areas the importance of higher education was stressed. Education, after all, was a principal avenue out of the ghetto into the mainstream of the larger human community.

Isaacs observes that "journalism, like all forms of mass education, prizes the non-ethnicity of universalism. Journalism offers a haven to the secular Jew who wants to assimilate and yet has a typically Jewish passion for involvement in public affairs. American journalism's oft-proclaimed goal of 'objectivity' places the serious practitioner above the fray, stripping away attachments . . ."

Thus the Jew in journalism finds that he cannot be 'Jewish' and at the same time be a good journalist in terms of the value system that the mass media in the United States have built up over the years."

Personal bias in reporting and interpreting the news can never, obviously, be completely avoided, but the Jewish news writer and analyst is



Anthony Lewis
Columnist
New York Times



Edward Kosner
Editor
Newsweek



David Broder
Political Columnist
Washington Post



Thomas B. Morgan
Editor
The Village Voice



A.M. Rosenthal
Managing Editor
New York Times

MEDIA GIVING

Who's a Jew? The rabbinic tradition holds that anyone whose mother is Jewish qualifies. Since most of the Jews Agnew includes in his cabal are decidedly assimilationist, we attempted to gauge their personal identification with Jewish affairs by an index other than heredity: the extent of their financial contributions to Jewish causes.

Most forthcoming was William Paley. According to a spokesman for the CBS board chairman, Paley has given "five or six million dollars" over the past six years to charity, of which "a little over 20 percent has gone to Jewish causes. In 1973, the Paley Foundation gave \$50,000 to the United Jewish Appeal's Israel Emergency Fund.

A spokesman for *Times* publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger refused to release any information whatsoever. A check of the records of the Sulzberger family foundation (administered by Sulzberger's mother Iphigene), which is required by law to file public records of disbursements, revealed that the foundation gave \$1,800 to the UJA in 1973, \$900 in 1974.

Robert Sarnoff would not reveal any specific personal contributions, but records indicate that in 1973, when Sarnoff was still RCA board chairman, the David and Lizette Sarnoff Foundation gave 108 shares of Exxon Corporation stock (market value: \$10,226) to the UJA, but nothing in 1974. Also in 1973, the Sarnoff Foundation donated \$100 to Temple Emanu-El (he and the Sulzbergers are members).

The Philip L. Graham Foundation, of which Katharine Graham is chief donor, gave \$10,000 to the UJA in 1973 and 1974. Graham asked us to keep these figures "in perspective" because, she said, the Foundation gave away nearly \$300,000 in those years. "We also gave to Catholic charities," she said. "Many people ask us to contribute all the time." Graham, too, refused to discuss her personal contributions but added that she was "not being defensive because of Mr. Agnew. I have nothing to hide."

In checking on the Jewishness of the media people in the accompanying pictures, we ran into less defensiveness than indecision. *New Yorker* publisher Peter Fleishmann, whose father but not mother is Jewish, told us he was not "Jewish by religion or way of life," but he could see how he would be "thought Jewish." Fleishmann ultimately asked not to be included. *New Yorker* William Shawn discussed at length the problems involved in deciding whether one is Jewish or not. Eventually Shawn allowed that if we ran his picture as one of the Jews in the media he would have to "accept it." ■

much more cautious and sensitive on this subject than the Christian journalist. The Christian reporter, after all, does not have to worry about appearing "too Christian" and ruffling the already uneasy waters around him. As for the Jewish owners of the media in America, they have bent over backwards to try to keep their products from having a Jewish cast. At *The New York Times*, it has long been an ill-kept secret that the paper, almost as a matter of policy, does whatever it can to avoid creating the impression that it is Jewish-owned. Three prominent *Times* staffers—A. M. Rosenthal, A. H. Weiler, and A. H. Raskin—who happen to have the too-Jewish-sounding first name, Abraham, are identified on the masthead and on bylines by their initials only. Sulzberger cousin and editorial page editor John Ochs became John Oakes; Jacob Rosenthal is, for masthead purposes, associate editor Jack Rosenthal. And so on.

At the networks, Isaacs writes, "television news is still a-Semitic, even though—or perhaps because—the networks are owned and managed by Jews." Until the signing of Barbara Walters to be TV's first anchorwoman, anchor-people have always been gentiles. Interestingly, with all the comment about Walters' new assignment, attention has focused on her being the first female anchorperson, not the first Jewish anchorperson.

Similarly, the great Jewish

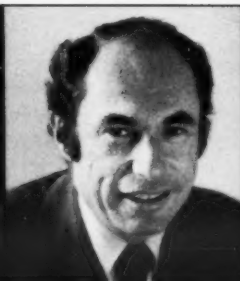
tycoons of Hollywood eschewed movies with Jewish themes, employed no Jewish movie stars (overtly at least) until very recent years, and used Jews only in small comedy parts. Jewish playwright George S. Kaufman never wrote a Jewish play.

Mr. Agnew's attack, then, on Jewish media control and Jewish bias in the news struck a particularly sensitive and painful nerve among Jews in the media. In Washington, for example, few people even realized—or, if they did, stopped to think about it—that Katharine Graham was, in fact, Jewish. She was regarded, like Dorothy Schiff in New York, as merely rich. Media leaders, when asked to comment on Mr. Agnew's remarks, had, without exception, nothing to say. At CBS and ABC, Paley and Goldenson refused comment. (Telephoned at ABC's Hollywood studios, the switchboard operator asked, "What department is he in?"—indicating that, in some quarters of the company at least, Mr. Goldenson is identified neither as a Jew nor as an executive.) At *Time*, managing editor Henry Grunwald had no comment, and at *The New York Times*, A. M. Rosenthal would not come to the phone "on that subject." At *Newsweek*, editor Edward Kosner said, "I will not even dignify it with comment," and then added, "No, I won't even say that."

The reaction among Jews in the media seems to be one of deep uneasiness, coupled with



Joseph Kraft
Syndicated Newspaper
Columnist



Lawrence Grossman
President
Public Broadcasting Service



Dorothy Schiff
Publisher
New York Post



S.I. Newhouse
Publisher
Newhouse Newspapers



Howard Simons
Managing Editor
Washington Post

resentment and a kind of fear. It is like what happened in the summer of 1877 when the New York banker, Joseph Seligman, was refused admission to the Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga — where he and his family had been summering for years—on the basis that the hotel no longer wanted Jews as guests. Seligman, who surely must have known in advance that the hotel planned to snub him (would he and his large entourage have journeyed to Saratoga without a reservation?) decided to make a test case out of this particular bit of anti-Semitism. But his Jewish friends were appalled by the can of worms his case opened up. Surely, they pointed out to him, he had been aware of the social anti-Semitism that had been billowing in America since the end of the Civil War, and had known that this was expressing itself in such petty ways as in the guest policies of resort hotels in the Adirondacks and elsewhere. He had solved no problem — only defined one. And, to be sure, the immediate result of Seligman's actions was that anti-Semitism in hotels quickly became blatant, as "No Jews Wanted" signs appeared in lobbies across the land. For the same reason—don't make waves, don't "push yourself forward," don't make a public fuss about your Jewishness or draw attention to it—Arthur Hays Sulzberger of the *Times* led a group of prominent Jews in 1939 to beg Franklin Roosevelt not to appoint a Jew, Felix

Frankfurter, to the United States Supreme Court. It would, Sulzberger argued, fan the flames of anti-Semitism. Roosevelt, of course, was baffled and hurt and could not even understand this argument. And now the Jews—the Jews in the media—have Agnew to contend with. Apprehensive and edgy, they have retreated in silence to their tents.

Of course the most important question to be asked is whether the fact of Jews in the media affects the media's treatment of the news and, as Agnew claims, foreign policy. Most media experts and observers feel that it does not at all. "Ridiculous," says Professor Irving Rosenthal, the celebrated "one-man school of journalism" at New York's City College. "At City College, where the majority of my students have been Jewish, we always believed that we were journalists first, Jews second—that Jewishness must never interfere with a fair, unbiased reporting of the news. I've noticed no pro-Israel or pro-Zionist tint in any of the Jewish-owned media—if anything, it's been the other way around," he says. At *The New York Times*, it is true that the paper has relaxed the anti-Zionist stance it once had under the senior Mr. Sulzberger and, at the time of the 1967 Six-Day War, the *Times* editorialized that the United States should send troops to Israel to help the Israelis, should they need it (they didn't). In 1967, of course, it

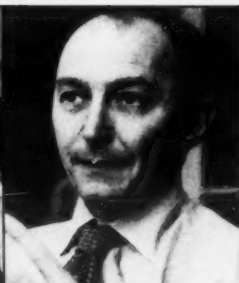
was suddenly chic to be Jewish, and all sorts of people who had never been thought of as Jews became Jews overnight. Now, with violence erupting daily in Israel, it is somewhat less chic—and many ardent Zionists complain that the *Times* is becoming anti-Zionist again, and that the Sulzbergers were always anti-Semitic Jews. When, not long ago, the *Times* magazine published Joseph Alsop's "Letter to an Israeli Friend," which was critical of recent Israeli actions, editor Jack Rosenthal received many angry letters from Jewish readers who found the piece overly hostile. (In New York, Jewish readers also complain that the *Times* is discriminatory in its reporting of Jewish weddings—"bunching them together" on Monday mornings, though the *Times* claims that this is simply because Sunday is a popular day for Jewish weddings, and the paper simply reports them the following day.) At the same time, non-Jews and anti-Zionists complain that the *Times* plays down Israel's strong-arm tactics in dealing with its Arab citizens in Jerusalem—that when Israeli police responded to a stone-throwing Arab teen-ager with gunfire recently, killing the boy, the *Times* quietly "buried" the story on page 3, as though embarrassed.

Jewish-owned *Newsweek* admitted a few weeks ago that Israel currently has an "image problem"—illustrating the story with a photograph of an Israeli policeman clubbing a

fallen Arab youth—and pointed out that this is causing deep distress among the American Jewish community and within organizations such as the American Jewish Committee. At the same time, the magazine quoted Israeli leaders who insisted that the use of clubs and hair-pulling, while it looked awful on television, was a good deal more humane than what might be expected if the situation were reversed. "If the demonstrators had faced Jordanian troops instead of our army, they would have been mowed down with machine guns," *Newsweek* quoted one unnamed official. In treating Agnew's attack on the Jewish media, *Newsweek* tried to be equally balanced and cool-headed, pointing out that Agnew might have taken his stand because he was rumored to be working as a propagandist for Saudi Arabia, though "Israeli diplomats in Washington . . . offered no proof." It added, again from an unnamed source, that Agnew was "groveling for business in the Middle East," but, for balance, pointed out that Agnew's business connections in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait or Iran so far added up to very small potatoes. In short, it is safe to say that, although the Jewish media dismiss the Agnew charges as absurd and unfounded, they are nonetheless sensitive—very sensitive—to them. As Jack Rosenthal of the *Times* puts it, "It was such an *ad hominem* attack—guilt by association."



Max Frankel
Editorial Page Editor-Designate
New York Times



Richard Wald
President
NBC News



Lee Eisenberg
Editor
Esquire



Irving Kristol
Editor
The Public Interest



Robert Sarnoff
Broadcasting consultant
RCA and NBC

It is, of course, ironic that Agnew should be using the media now, including the Jewish-owned media, to plug his book as he runs around giving interviews and doing the talk-show circuit—throwing in, as a kicker, a diatribe against his old enemies, the nattering nabobs in the media. Only in America, you might say, could this happen. Of course the trouble is that many people will take him seriously, just as an earlier generation took another demagogue, Henry Ford, seriously when he published the spurious *Protocols of the Learned Elders of*

Zion in his Dearborn newspaper. There was dark talk then of an "international conspiracy" of Jews to control the world's money. Now there will be more conspiracy talk. There are, after all, more anti-Semites about than most of us care to admit, and *Nolo Contendere* is speaking clearly to them. Many Jews—including Professor Rosenthal—believe that Agnew is indeed an anti-Semite. He may be because, as the Jews say, "He owes the Jews a lot." It was something of a cabal of Greek, Italian and Jewish businessmen in Baltimore County that got him

started politically in the first place and who, when he turned out to be a Jonah and a loser, sought immunity by turning state's evidence against him. Now he is getting his revenge, using the media as his first target.

It's a good target, in a sense, for him, because it is such a sensitive one and the issues around it are so highly charged with emotion, because anti-Semitism (among Jews as well as non-Jews) is such an amorphous, illogical, and complicated thing to contend with, and because each Jew has always had to deal with his

Jewishness in his own way. But it is a moving target. And it is important to remember that, like most demagogues, Agnew has been able to raise more questions than he has been able to answer.

What he stated is a truism: yes, there are, and have been, a number of Jews in the media. But, as in the case of any obvious truism, the next question is: So what? What, one would love to know, would Horace Greeley, William Randolph Hearst, William Allen White, Harold Ross or even Henry Luce have had to say? ■

AGNEW: WHAT'S THE MOTIVE?

As far back as 1969, Spiro Agnew's anti-media speeches were causing concern in the Jewish community. After his kick-off speech in Des Moines blasting liberal bias in the media, the then-Vice President's aides arranged for Agnew to meet informally with some major New York media and business figures. The purpose of the gathering, Stephen Isaacs writes in *Jews and American Politics*, was for Agnew to explain that he had meant nothing anti-Semitic in his remarks about the press. According to Isaacs, Agnew told the persons attending the meeting at the 21 Club he "was being smeared," and did not want to be misinterpreted.

Seven years later, Agnew still feels that he is being misinterpreted. After hearing him tell Barbara Walters about that "Jewish cabal" of media barons, onetime Agnew speechwriter William Safire charged in a *New York Times* column that Agnew was "encouraging an irrational hatred of Jews." Agnew promptly called Safire. Safire says that Agnew was concerned about the column because he did not want to be known as an anti-Semite. Safire believes that the "old" Agnew was not anti-Semitic, but suggests that he became so after the testimony of four Baltimore businessmen, who happened to be Jewish, was instrumental in driving him from office.

Former Agnew speechwriter Victor Gold believes that Agnew's slant has "nothing to do with mere ideological conviction. It has to do with selling this book." After Gold's words appeared on the May 28 *Times* op-ed page, he too was

called by Agnew. As Gold tells it, his former employer could not understand why anyone would mistake his remarks about a pro-Zionist bias as being anti-Semitic.

While Gold suggests that Agnew has adopted an anti-Semitic pose to sell his book, others suspect a different but equally commercial motive. As Benjamin R. Epstein of B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League says, Agnew's remarks "come as no surprise in light of his activities in behalf of the Arab petro-dollar countries seeking to invest in the United States." Agnew has refused to tell the details of his business dealings with the Arab world.

Baltimore City Comptroller Hyman A. Pressman, once an Agnew supporter, also subscribes to the view that Agnew is seeking "to ingratiate himself with the Arabs." Says Pressman: "This man has made money his god."

If, as Gold believes, Agnew was simply interested in selling books, he certainly succeeded. Publishers of *The Canfield Decision* report that sales jumped after the *Today* show appearance, and the book entered its fourth printing on June 16. And *Today* was only the first stop in Agnew's cross-country road show that resulted in appearances and interviews with most major media.

Whatever Agnew's motives, the controversy refuses to go away. In late June, President Ford felt called upon to denounce Agnew's remarks as "wrong, both substantially and morally."

—DEIRDRE WHITESIDE



Walter Annenberg
Publisher
TV Guide



R. Peter Straus
President
WMCA



Jack Rosenthal
Associate Editor
New York Times



William Safire
Columnist
New York Times



Marvin Stone
Editor
U.S. News and World Report

HUNTER THOMPSON AND THE AMAZING LAW DAY SPEECH

Gonzo Reporter Blisses Out On Peanut Farmer, Or Mr. Jones Meets The Owner of Maggie's Farm

Is Jimmy Carter the mysterious 'Castrato'?

BY MICHAEL DROSNIN AND RON ROSENBAUM

Jesus Christ, we're not sure we can handle this kind of news and frantic stimulus . . . Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, once the mad-dog Price of Gonzo, the drug-soaked cynic who four years ago wrote that Big Bad Ed Muskie was strung out on Ibogaine, suddenly endorsing a faith-healing peanut farmer for President.

Weirdness . . . and things get more weird before they bottom out: it's not just an endorsement, it's a conversion. Hunter Thompson blissed out on Jimmy Carter. The first born-again journalist of the Carter campaign. Jesus, this Carter is a dangerous dude, one king hell bastard of a mind bender. If he can turn our Hunter into a gibbering Moonie, who's safe, who's next? Eric Sevareid? Marquis Childs?

Very . . . strange. How did it happen, this most bizarre media event of the campaign? God, could it be the acid? Has it happened to Hunter too, what happened to Rennie Davis and so many other twisted LSD casualties—The Dread Post-Acid Gurunoid Syndrome? Is Jimmy Carter his 14-year-old fat kid?

We could tell you a story. We could tell you about the time Dr. Thompson and a certain journalist we know had a rendezvous in the men's room of the Sam Rayburn Office Building and made the fateful acid swap in which Thompson ended up with the notorious "mirror image acid." Right. That could have done it. It was about that time that Hunter first ran into smiling Jimmy.

Ah . . . but we are wandering off into wild speculation again. We have Thompson's own explanation. Right there in *Rolling Stone*. It was Carter's magic Law Day Speech that did it. The way Hunter tells it, the speech was a revelation, a veritable Sermon on the Mount.

This one speech, "this king hell bastard of a speech," Thompson calls it, this speech that "was and still is the heaviest and most eloquent thing I have ever heard from the mouth of a politician," this "rare piece of oratorical art work," this speech "laced with some of the most original brilliant political metaphors anybody will ever be likely to hear," this speech that led Thompson to say Carter "could have my vote for no other reason except that speech," this speech "would convert on the spot anyone that heard it."

Thompson tells us he clutched that speech to his bosom and carried a tape of it around with him for two years, playing the inspired words to anyone who would listen. But in his 20,000-word

Rolling Stone endorsement, Hunter quotes only two or three paragraphs of the text. Why not print the whole bastard? Hell, yes! Whip on the thing!! Truss up and deliver the entire *Rolling Stone* youth vote to Carter in one big hairy bundle. Why not?

We think we know why. We have the speech.

It is difficult to excerpt. Carter comes out against the bribing of judges, for Christian treatment of prisoners, against special interest groups, for equal justice and against the status quo.

Perhaps a bit daring for a Southern governor—although not that daring given the fact that Carter was already running for President, craved Northern Democratic support and had Ted Kennedy in his audience that day. As we said, perhaps a bit daring, but hardly a revelation.

So what was it that zapped Hunter? Could it have been Carter's Parable of the Rocks and Cookies? Certainly that's the most Biblical passage in the speech. It starts with Carter letting us know how young Jimmy, like the young David, spent hours gathering smooth stones for his sling.

But let's let Carter tell the rest of it in his own words and see if the full force of his "oratorical artwork" knocks you out the way it did Hunter:

One day I was leaving the railroad tracks with my pockets full of rocks and my hands full of rocks, and my mother came out on the front porch—this is not a very interesting story but it illustrates a point—and she had in her hands a plate full of cookies that she had just baked for me. She called me, I am sure with love in her heart, and said, "Jimmy, I've baked some cookies for you." I remember very distinctly walking up to her and standing there in honest doubt about whether I should drop those rocks and take the cookies. . . .

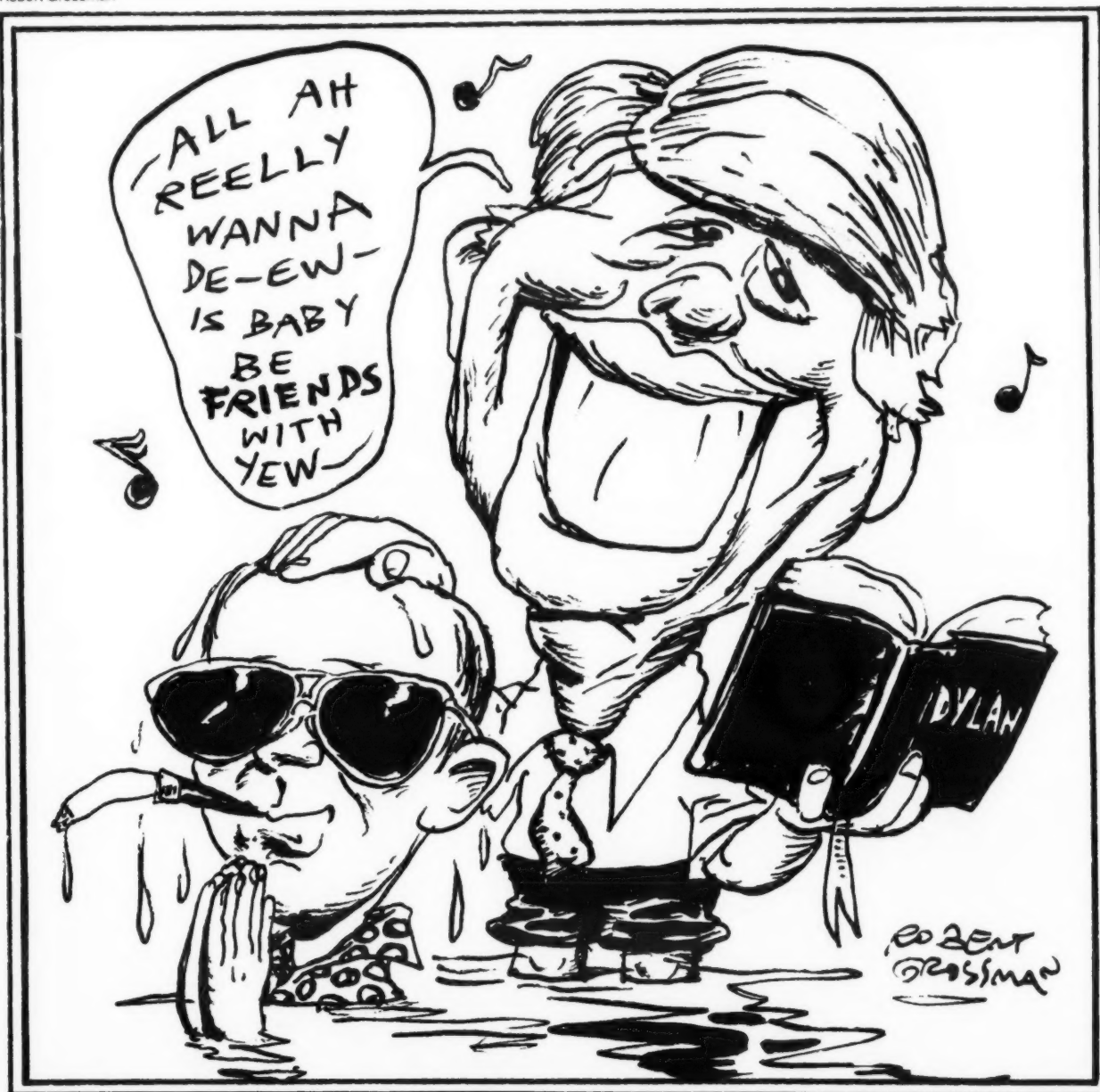
There's more, but you get the point, and we wouldn't want to skip Carter's equally eloquent account of how Miss Julia, the kindly old school principal, introduced young Jimmy to *War and Peace*. Imagine Thompson's thrill as he heard Carter's pithy summation of Tolstoy:

To make a long story short, [Napoleon] retreated in defeat. The course of history was changed; it probably affected our own lives. The point of the book is . . . that he didn't write about Napoleon or the Czar . . . he wrote about the students and the housewives and the barbers and the farmers and the privates in the Army. . . .

Oh God No. Oh Jesus God No. That bastard Mojo wire is beeping and screeching, our circuits are twisted and fused with all these cookies and peasants and we haven't even begun to tell the whole terrible Bob Dylan tale. Because as every *Rolling Stone*

Michael Drosnin is a freelance writer living in New York. Ron Rosenbaum is executive editor of MORE.

Robert Grossman



reader now knows, it was Carter's mention of the magic name Dylan that sent Thompson reeling out of the hall to fetch his tape recorder. The big moment!

That passage, that moment, the only one Thompson quotes in full is the one in which Carter reveals that he "learned to appreciate the dynamism of social change" from "a friend of mine, a poet named Bob Dylan . . . his records about *The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll*, *Like a Rolling Stone* and *The Times They are a Changing*." How he learned "the proper inter-relationship between the landowner and those who worked on a farm" from Dylan's *I Ain't Gonna Work on Maggie's Farm No More*.

Hmmmm . . . Something was happening here, but you didn't

know what it was . . . did you, Dr. Thompson. Somehow you were convinced from these lines that Jimmy Carter had a profound understanding of Bob Dylan. Jesus, a Southern governor who was a stone Dylan freak!

Well, we've come upon some evidence to challenge that. The Steven Brill anecdote, for instance—it was one Brill omitted from his controversial *Harper's* piece, "The Pathetic Lies of Jimmy Carter." He told it to us the other day.

"I was flying back to Atlanta with Carter," says Brill—this a full two years after Thompson's Dylan conversion—"and I asked Carter to name his favorite Dylan song. He smiled and smiled and said, 'I hate to offend Bob by naming just one.' " Name a few, Brill suggested. "Carter smiled some more and said

'Rosalyn and I listen to him all the time, but the lyrics and the titles blur.' So I asked Carter to name his favorite album. He said he didn't want to name just one album. Name several, I said. Jimmy stopped smiling and said, 'Why don't we talk about something else.' "

Why don't we. Forget Dylan for a moment. Forget the vicious suggestion that Carter was gibbering about *Like a Rolling Stone* because the chief political correspondent from *Rolling Stone* magazine was in his audience and he was running for President and he knew that he had one chance to snare a big chunk of the youth vote if he played his quotes right. Forget that. After all, a guy like Dr. Thompson couldn't be naive enough not to see through that. He's been around.

On the other hand it sure sounds like a calculated seduction.

Look at Carter's courting behavior: right off the bat, he invited Hunter to spend the night at the governor's mansion. Rebuffed, he asked Thompson over for breakfast the next morning. Met him at

the door wearing blue jeans, no less. That afternoon—after the magic speech, after quoting Dylan all day—back to the mansion for mint juleps and the Kentucky Derby. Jody Powell, Carter's press secretary, was even thoughtful enough to lose a Derby bet to Thompson, who prides himself on being a high-roller. Later there would be hours of intimate taping sessions and private tête-à-têtes . . .

But let's be fair . . . there are signs in the article that deep down in his murky subconscious, Thompson knows he's been had. Which may explain why, before he gets around to the endorsement, he dwells so long, so . . . *intently* on the mysterious tale of Castrato, the demon mutilator who is spreading terror through South Florida by kidnapping dogs and expertly castrating them. Or so Thompson claims. He says he heard it on the radio. But could this parable of the emasculation of mongrel dogs—are we reading in too much?—could this be Hunter's way of telling us he has mixed feelings about his relationship with Jimmy

Carter?

But this is getting too . . . vicious. We're admirers of the old Dr. Thompson, the mad dog, not the lap dog. We miss him. We'd hate to have to call in Ted Patrick to deprogram the guy. It's a painful process, Hunter, the deprogramming. As Carter's friend, the poet Bob Dylan, sang in *Like a Rolling Stone*:

Ain't it hard when you discover that
He really wasn't where it's at
After he took from you everything he could steal
How does it feel

Wait a minute. Did somebody say, "how does it feel?" We just got off the phone from a chat with the Doctor himself. From the sound of it, it feels . . . mixed. He didn't sound overjoyed we were writing about him and Jimmy. There was some lighthearted mention of hunting us down with a Bowie knife in the gutters of New York during convention time.

Still, he stands by his "I like Jimmy Carter" declaration. He backs off a little from the formal "endorsement." That

was just something he did when he saw the specter of Hubert Humphrey writhing "like three iguanas in a feeding frenzy" behind the Stop Carter movement, he says. He doesn't even defend Carter's campaign. All the candidates, Jimmy included, have put on "disgusting . . . sickening" performances throughout the primaries, he says.

Hmmmm . . . this sounds encouraging. Maybe the damage isn't terminal. But . . . But he says he *knows* Carter, and somehow that makes Carter's disgusting performance well . . . different.

Then we asked him the big question: Did it ever occur to him that Carter might have started spouting Dylan at the Law Day speech specifically to seduce Hunter Thompson.

"Jesus," he said in an awed voice. "That never occurred to me. To believe that, you'd have to believe the guy was so heavy, so calculating, thinking that far ahead, Jesus you'd have to keep your eye on him 24 hours a day. I can't believe that. It would be too . . . ominous." ■

HELLBOX

THE FIGHT THAT NEVER WAS

Ali Takes Dunn in Munich; UPI Takes Cake in New York

In the eternal competition between The Associated Press and United Press International to be first on the wires with a story, UPI won hands-down on the Muhammad Ali-Richard Dunn fight last May. UPI's achievement was particularly impressive since it reported the results some three hours before the fight even began. The bulletin sent out on the UPI high-speed computer

system read:

MUNICH (UPI): Muhammad Ali scored a unanimous 15-round decision over Richard Dunn of Britain Tuesday morning to retain his world heavyweight championship. . .

Unfortunately for UPI, Ali won not by a unanimous 15-round decision, but by a technical knockout in five. As usual, several stories with various outcomes of the fight



The final blow: It was all over for Richard Dunn in the fifth round, but UPI hung around for 12 more.

had been prepared in advance and the tapes placed in a hold file. The "unanimous 15-round" version was apparently placed instead in the desk file and subsequently sent out over the wire. It was killed almost immediately. However, the high-speed wire (1,200 words per minute) had already forwarded the bulletin to the

newspapers subscribing to high-speed service. About 15 minutes later, those papers received a message saying, "Kill the Ali-Dunn fight results." The UPI newsroom received a directive from editor-in-chief H.L. Stevenson not to make any more tapes in advance.

—CHAD NEIGHBOR

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like Steve Brill, who went to Alabama to dig out the truth behind the Wallace façade; we've got Richard Reeves covering — and uncovering — Washington.

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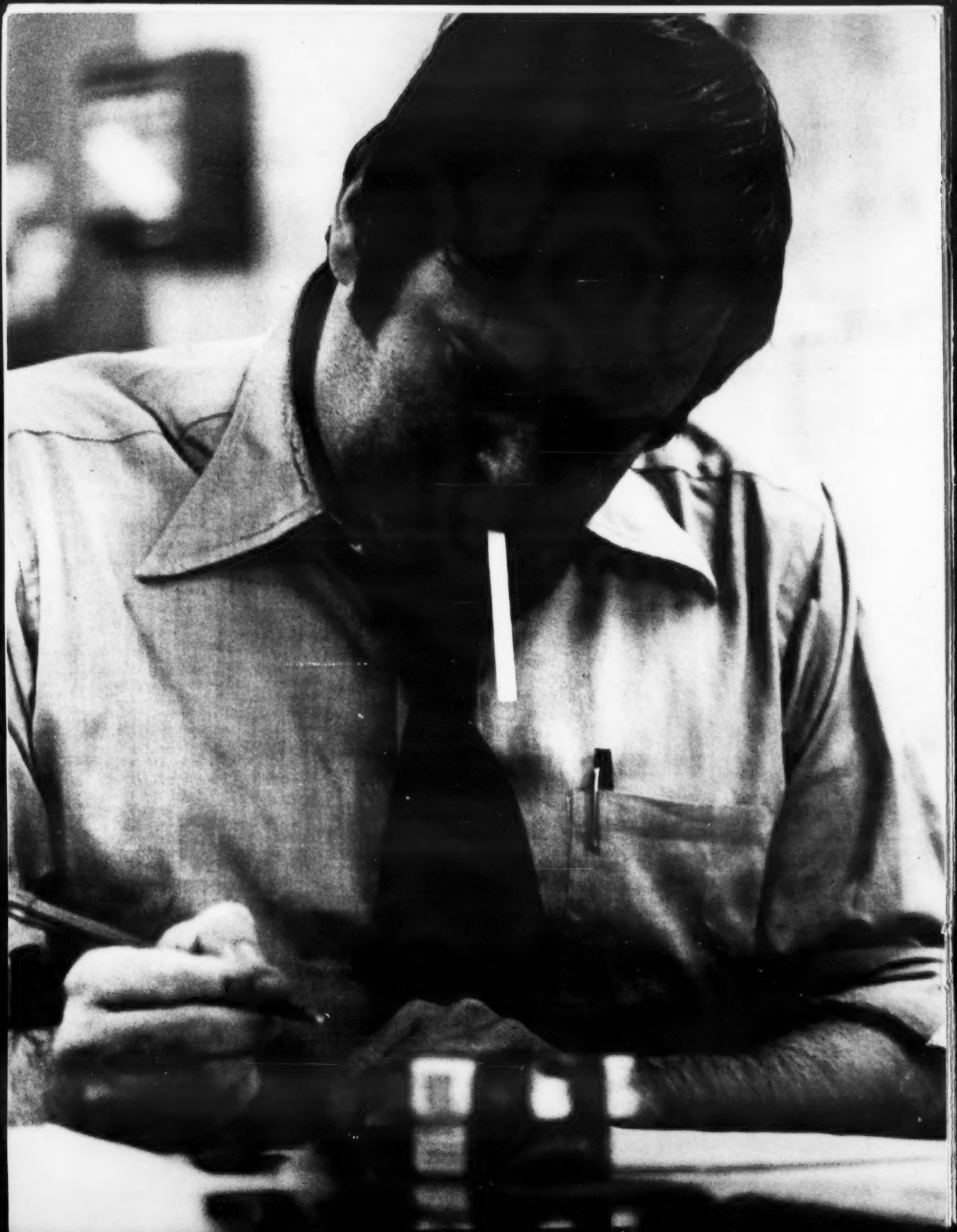
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WHAT MAKES THE APPLE MACHINE RUN?

The Frantic Presidential Campaign Of America's Most Powerful Political Reporter

'I am "the" national political correspondent. I want my "the" back.'

BY PHILIP NOBILE *R. W. Apple is having a good Presidential year. Like Jimmy Carter, he established himself as a front runner as early as Iowa, faltered in Massachusetts but recovered nicely in the rest of the primaries. As the national political correspondent of The New York Times, Apple is automatically one of the most influential journalists in the country. But with his own furious effort he has built upon his inherited title and created for himself a unique position. He is the media's own one-man smoke-filled room.*

In 1976, as in 1972, Apple produced, on an almost daily basis, the leading edge of campaign reporting and analysis for the Times. Because of the prominence and national reach of the paper, what he writes affects more than the mood of his readers at breakfast. On the road, on the bus, the Times is the only paper regularly available at such campaign stopovers as the Peoria Hilton and the Sarasota Motor Inn, so Apple provides the only thread of print media continuity for the traveling press. Candidates read Apple to find out how they're really doing. Reporters read Apple to find out how the candidates think they're really doing. Major campaign shakeups grow out of reactions to Apple stories—witness the furor that developed when Apple reported disarray in the Ford Florida primary effort.

Apple's biggest coup this year, of course, was going with a serious page-one piece about the growing strength of the Carter campaign in Iowa as early as October 27, 1975—a time when most politicians, as Apple himself noted in the story, still thought the Carter candidacy "laughable." A snowball's chance in hell. After Apple took him seriously, people stopped laughing at Carter, camera crews began covering him more diligently, voters began responding to his increased visibility. One could make a case that Apple's October snowball started Carter's avalanche rolling.

That kind of prescience combined with ex officio prominence puts Apple in an ever more delicate position. Every decision he makes—who to cover next, for how long, and where to place the story—on his endless rounds of primaries and conventions has to be assessed for not only its truth but for its effect.

"Johnny" Apple was an overnight sensation when he joined the city staff of the Times in the fall of 1963. Under the tutelage of then-metropolitan editor Abe Rosenthal, the Apple byline appeared 73 times on the front page during his first year. A publisher's award biography described the advent of the early Apple in the following terms: "In the interests of efficiency, The New York Times recently equipped its main office with automatic elevators, a Centrex switchboard, a two-faced Univer-

sal Jump clock, a Goss press with magnetic amplifier drive, a jam proof Jampol conveyor belt and a 185-pound, water-cooled, self-propelled, semi-automatic machine called R. W. Apple, Jr."

With Leviathan energy, immense talent and Rosenthal's backing, Apple got rather choice assignments in the Sixties—RFK's Senate campaign, Albany, Vietnam bureau chief, Nelson Rockefeller in 1968 and a change-of-pace tour in Africa. He later beat out colleague Richard Reeves, who was the paper's chief political reporter in New York City, for the coveted job he now holds.

Apple's way is not that of most journalists. His pushiness, in the opinion of his rather pushy peers, exceeds community guidelines. One marvelous anecdote has Apple grabbing off an important exclusive by conning two different Timesmen, each of whom had separate halves of the same story, into thinking that he had the other half when in fact he had nothing. But at 42, the boy wonder admits to mellowing. "I don't try to get the best story every day now," he says. "I am not eager to keep other reporters out of the paper or to take stories away from them."

I interviewed Apple during one of his rare stopovers in New York.

To what extent do you think you were personally responsible for the Carter boom?

I've been blamed for discovering Jimmy Carter, but I don't think I was originally responsible for it except in the sense that I worked Iowa very hard. I set out later last year to visit the important early primary and caucus states for a first look at who was moving there, who was organizing. When I got to Iowa I began calling the people I have known there in past campaigns and I kept hearing Carter, Carter, Carter. It sounded illogical to me, so I reported the story much more intensely than usually. I urged that the story be put on the front page, because I thought that I detected the beginning of something that could be very interesting. The Times bullpen, which decides such things, apparently thought it was enough of a man-bites-dog story that they played it on page one.

Did you feel, then, that you had a stake in Carter's campaign?

Of course not. I didn't write a story saying that I thought Jimmy Carter was going to be the nominee. I said he was well ahead in Iowa. My career is not dependent on who wins or who loses, in any degree.

Is there any satisfaction now over having seen something before a lot of other people?

Sure. You like to be first, you like to be right. It's one of the payoffs in my own mind for spending a little more than a whole year on the road, living out of a suitcase, in hotel rooms. It's to be out and see what is happening and to be able to write about

Philip Nobile is a contributing editor of Esquire and a senior editor of MORE.

that x-number of days or weeks or months before everybody in Washington is talking about it at Duke Zeibert's.

How often have you been home to Washington in 1976?

Eight nights since the third of January.

How do you arrange for rent and general upkeep?

A maid comes in once a week; she more or less keeps things running and waters plants, but most of them are dying. And I have an extremely tolerant landlord who is a widow of a former foreign correspondent and understands the quirky nature of the life of journalists. And I am always late in paying bills. Naturally, my personal life gets rather disorganized for the first six months of every presidential year.

Why would any sane person put himself through that ordeal?

Because the sane part of such a person is fascinated by the glow of power, by the process of choosing a presidential nominee, by the country and its variety, by the stimulus of the pace. That is the only reason, I suppose, why people work in circuses, travel all year on baseball teams and take up any number of essentially nomadic occupations. Obviously nobody could do it for twelve months every year. But presidential politics is a story of great significance, and to me a professional challenge.

Does the grind of your schedule affect you physically?

I bumble a lot. As we're sitting here talking I have a little muscle spasm in my neck, which I suppose is a penalty for the last seven days. For example, last Tuesday night I was here in New York until 3 a.m. for the Michigan and Maryland primaries. The next morning I got up at 7 a.m. to watch the morning news shows on television, which I do every Wednesday after a primary to catch things that the candidates might say. I worked all day and flew back to Washing-

ton at night. I got back at 1 a.m. in the morning because I missed the last flight to National and had to land in Baltimore and take a bus.

On Thursday I phoned all around the country for a thousand-word piece on Carter's numbers and finished it pantingly about five minutes before deadline. All kinds of other things were exploding that night; I think I was chasing around the Ted Kennedy rumor. I spent the whole day Friday making phone calls to Idaho, Nevada and Arkansas, where I wasn't going to get to visit, for a Sunday piece. That afternoon I flew to Kentucky, did some reporting there and some in Tennessee the next day. I did a piece for Sunday about the five non-Oregon primaries and flew out to Oregon Saturday night. Sunday I stayed with the Brown people for an article on the way they were organizing the write-in. Monday morning I went out in the field with a couple of candidates and then had lunch with ex-Gov. McCall. Did a piece about him on deadline. Got up Tuesday morning at 5 a.m. to catch a very early plane back across the country to work here in New York, went to bed at 2 a.m. in the morning and here we are.

With a schedule like yours, how do you relax?

By finding things that interest me locally. For example, I had a half day in Nebraska the Sunday before the primary and I went down to the Homestead National Monument, which is outside a little town called Beatrice. For four or five hours I looked at exhibits, cabins and a field that had been reconstituted to its state when the homesteaders came west. That fascinated me because I'm very interested in 19th century American history. After I filed my story last Monday in Oregon, I took a shower and put on some walking shoes and passed an hour and a half walking around the rhododendron garden in Portland. You can relax with

your comrades over drinks, too. But discovering the little individual local thing is very important to me, partially because one of the great joys of a presidential campaign is gaining a sense of variety about the country.

I take it you don't need much sleep.

Five or six hours is enough. If I'm pressed, I can get along with three hours a night for a couple of weeks.

As the man from the Times you provide kind of a standard for other reporters. But whom do you read? Do you have a Johnny Apple?

I read everybody. I read the locals religiously, not only for political news but to learn what non-political events might have an impact on an election. I read Evans and Novak, David Broder . . .

But do you measure yourself against somebody as other correspondents measure themselves against you?

If *The New York Times* were willing to indulge my fantasies, I would have them send me everyday what Jack Germond of *The Washington Star* writes. I have an enormous amount of respect for his work and have had for a very long time. And I don't see it very often. I often call the office in Washington and ask them to read it for me.

Where did Germond beat you this year? What did he get that you didn't?

I really can't answer that very well, because I don't see the *Star* that often.

But I'll tell you the story that I'm kicking myself right now for not having. I just found out that one of Mayor Daley's people spent the entire day before the California primary trying to find me to tell me that Daley was going to endorse Carter. And he couldn't find me.

What value does TV political reporting have for you?

I watch the network news shows whenever I can. Why? First of all, in many places the local papers provide no out-

of-state political coverage, while you can always rely on network news to give you the high points of what has happened that day. If I haven't talked to my own office and the New York State Republicans have decided to break through for Ford, you can be sure that you'll see it on TV, though you might not see it in the *East Oshkosh Blade*. Second, I have to throw a bouquet to John Chancellor, who has spent much time on the road this year when he wasn't simply reporting for the show. His program often has good political coverage within the limits of a 30-minute format. One should not write off people like Tom Pettit, who's a very, very capable political journalist. But in the larger sense, network news gives me a feel of the rhythm of things. If I haven't seen Candidate X for two or three days, they're likely to have Candidate X saying something just to remind you to think of him.

Has the Times loosened up in what it will allow you to say in terms of judging a campaign? Do you have more freedom to express your opinions than in 1972 or 1974?

In terms of appraising the course, the character and the prospects of a campaign, they have given me a great deal more freedom this year than they did four years ago. And they were more willing to do that in 1972 than they were in 1968.

Four years ago, they would have asked, "Who says?" on all kinds of stories. In writing about politics, we are constantly trying to appraise things, and if they keep asking you "Who says?" well, you sometimes can't find anybody who will.

For example, in past years it would have been more difficult for me to write the flat assertion I made last Wednesday that Carter essentially had the nomination locked up, and have it appear as the lead story in the paper. I would have been subjected to a lot of "Well, how can you be sure?"

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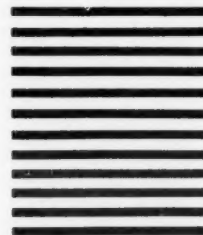
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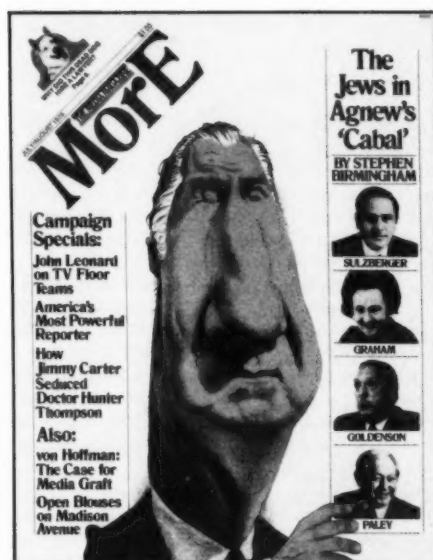


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etc. There's much more willingness to say, "If that's the reality as it appears to you, write it." The Carter story wouldn't have run on page one four years ago.

Could you have written the same words, though?

In that case I think so. But I might have had problems with a lot of the analytical pieces, such as the story I wrote the day before the Nebraska primary. In that article, I sketched out, in effect, a *modus operandi* for the 'Stop Carter' forces—what they might try to do and how they might hope to do it. My scenario came to pass in its entirety, but that story was based to a large degree on my sense of the situation.

One story that I had trouble with in 1972 was on the night of the Florida primary. I wanted the article to begin, "Senator Edmund S. Muskie of Maine ceased tonight to be the Democratic frontrunner." They wouldn't let me write that. But I don't think there's any question that I would have been allowed to write that story today.

To what do you attribute your greater freedom this year?

It may be because I have four years more experience and they're inclined to trust my judgment. But there's also a general willingness to permit analytical breadth.

How much do you know that you can't write?

Rather less than I always suspected. I don't think there's a great deal that I don't put into the *Times*. One of the reasons is that when politicians offer to tell me something that I could never use, my tendency is to say to them, "Don't, because I'm weak." I hate to be in the position of knowing something of importance that I can't write because it often distorts what you do write.

Who is the first person you call the morning after an election?

I usually call the campaign manager, or one of four or five or six people upon whom I

rely heavily for judgments about how things are going. One is a woman named Ann Wexler, who has been involved in liberal politics for some time. She now lives in Washington and works for *Rolling Stone* magazine. She ran Joe Duffy's campaign in Connecticut in 1970. She is very close to Bob Strauss. She is also one of the best floor tacticians at conventions. On the Republican side, I often talk to Stuart Spencer, the director of Ford's campaign. I also talk to less obvious sources around the country, like certain state chairmen who have a good sense of things.

Then there are a few senators and congressmen who certainly wouldn't want to be named.

How can you tell when a politician is attempting to use you?

Some of them are very obvious about it. Some have very bad reputations for doing it. So you build up a stack of people who are reasonably reliable. Sometimes they may mislead you and not purposely. I had a long conversation with Peter O'Donnell, the founding father of the Texas Republican Party, about what was going to happen in the Texas Republican primary this year. He was convinced that Ford was coming up faster than Reagan. That's about the worst piece of information I received all year.

Did you go with it?

Only parts. I said Reagan was well ahead of Ford.

In what ways might politicians try to use you?

There are a number of ways. There is the phony poll game, when they try, without giving you any details, to give you some rather sensational poll numbers. That's not as workable on me as it once might have been, simply because in the last four years I and a lot of other political reporters have learned a lot more questions that one should demand answers for before using poll material. Another game they play is the setting of expectations either too high or too low. That one, interestingly

enough, can backfire on occasion. The politician will be setting expectations lower for himself hoping to surpass it, or higher for his opponent hoping that the opponent will fall short.

Once in a while, you suspect that you're being used. In Florida this year, Tommy Thomas, the Reagan chairman, said to me one day over lunch in Panama City, "Ronald Reagan is going to get two thirds of the vote." Well, I thought I was being set up. I thought he was saying that in order to whip his troops into greater frenzy and to develop a very positive mood. I couldn't believe that he really believed it, but I wrote it, and it became a great embarrassment to Reagan when he lost.

Were you used in Florida by the Ford people when they were playing the underdog role? You had a long story on the disarray of that campaign although Ford won handily.

No, I don't think I was because I profoundly believed that to be the case and the story did not come mainly from Ford people. It is more likely that a reporter would be used in the prediction business. Are they predicting victory in order to encourage the troops or are they predicting defeat because they think that will make a win look better? I try to triangulate it by interviewing both sides and people who have reasons of their own to be neutral within the party. But it doesn't always work.

You predicted that, after the Massachusetts primary, no single leading liberal candidate would emerge. You were wrong. Udall did emerge. Was that your biggest mistake?

It certainly was a mistake. I thought Udall and Bayh would both survive. I couldn't believe, as I was sitting in New Hampshire writing that piece, that Bayh would collapse as completely as he did in Massachusetts. At least that piece carried the idea forward that the important thing about New Hampshire and Massachusetts was the liberal winnowing pro-

cess. That indeed took place. It just winnowed a little further than I thought it would.

The most important mistake I made was the belief that Ronald Reagan was going to lose in North Carolina and be through.

How did you make that mistake?

I didn't pay enough attention to what was going on in the television advertising in the last week. I paid too much attention to crowds, which I usually don't do. But Ford had had so much success, and his crowds were so much better than Reagan's, that I allowed that to carry me along. And finally, I got too hung up over the idea that Jesse Helms, who is a senator from North Carolina and Reagan's chief backer, had been elected with Democratic votes that would not be available to Reagan in a Republican primary with no crossover. I got rather mesmerized by that concept. It was a serious error. Reagan's victory in North Carolina is what made the rest of his campaign possible.

How do you write on the road without your research materials? What do you carry with you? What's in your bag?

In addition to a suitcase and an Olivetti, I travel with a fairly full briefcase that holds a *Rand McNally Road Atlas*, which is a great tool because it has the population and correct spelling of every city, town and county in America; *The Almanac of American Politics*, which is just invaluable; a large number of listings put out by the Republican and Democratic committees noting the technicalities and the rules of primaries, delegates and dates, the systems; the two or three most recent *Congressional Quarterlies*; my monster phone book; an airline guide; my pocket calculator, because I'm constantly having to figure out the percentage something is of something; a file of poll data — our polls, Gallup and Harris; usually Neil Pierce's *The Megastates of America*, a book that deals with the

Maggi Castelleo



Rare treat: On an infrequent stopover in Washington, his home base, Johnny Apple relishes the cauliflower at Jean-Pierre's. During his hectic year on the campaign trail, the bills pile up and most of his plants die.

history and economics of the ten largest states. And that's about it. That produces a briefcase weighing about 35 pounds, plus the typewriter, plus a big suitcase. I'm not capable of running for airplanes with much more.

How do you set up on the road?

Well, I usually put the typewriter on the desk in my hotel room, and I pull out everything I need from the briefcase and distribute it all over the bed. Then I start mak-

ing phone calls. Actually, I try to use the telephone as little as possible. I find it's very much more helpful to see a politician in person. But sometimes you're dealing with a state where you can't get everywhere. You can't go into Texas for four days and visit all the important areas.

I assume you're on unlimited expenses.

Nobody has ever told me that I was on unlimited expenses, but no one has ever claimed that I was spending

too much or that I shouldn't go somewhere. I go where I have to go.

How do you handle such details as laundry when you are traveling?

Badly. I am constantly in search of places that will do the laundry in 45 minutes. I have discovered a wonderful chain called Four-Hour Martinizing. I always look them up in the Yellow Pages when I arrive someplace. I landed in Lincoln, Nebraska, once with everything dirty and rumpled. There were three Four-Hour Martinizing places. I called one with hot breath at ten o'clock in the morning and asked if they could clean some suits for me. They said, "No." And I said, "Why not? All the other Four-Hour Martinizing places do." And they said, "Usually we would, but the boss's daughter is getting married today." So I said, "Okay, I'll call one of your other stores." And the woman said, "He owns all three stores in town."

How do you make sure you're not bumping into the stories of other political correspondents on the Times?

That is the job of a man named Irving Horowitz, an assistant national editor, who is the coordinator here in New York. He watches the movements of everybody. I talk to him every morning.

Do you arrange your own schedule?

Yes, more or less. Obviously in consultation with the national desk. But I say this is what I think I should do and 95 times out of 100 they say fine. Ten years ago territorial imperative was a real problem at the Times. We're the only American paper that has a lot of regional correspondents, and they used to resent the national political guy coming out into their territories. That no longer exists.

Your pace is staggering. I counted 20 stories in March alone. Couldn't you get away without writing as much as you do?

Yes, I could. But I am fairly

compulsive about my work. My inclination is, if I see something that needs to be done, to try to do it that day and then grumble about how hard I work.

But you've been killing yourself for several years.

There's something wrong in my head, is that what you're saying?

Usually men slow down.

I don't know why. I went to Africa for a year after the 1968 campaign. I had been in Vietnam for three years before that. '68 was a rather rough year in an emotional sense for everybody involved in it. If there has ever been an assignment where you could take it easy and work at a leisurely pace, Africa was it. But I really felt that I wanted to visit a lot of the places where we had never had any coverage. I worked terribly, terribly hard in Africa. That's the way I'm built.

But I really think the reason I work so hard is that I can't stand to lose. I want the Times to win in the sense of having the best coverage and the most perceptive coverage. I tend to be driven to be a winner and to have the paper be a winner.

Do you measure your satisfaction in bylines?

Being in the paper isn't the payoff in the psychological sense. It is plunging into the fray, doing your reporting, trying to understand, find the facts and interpret what is going on that engages my interest. I am relatively indifferent whether a story is on page one or page 34.

What might you do next for the Times?

Well, to start with, I might do what they offer me. But some kinds of foreign jobs would appeal to me. If I ever have the opportunity, I'd like to do analytical writing about things other than politics, perhaps involving a column. Like most men in the newspaper business, I dream in the corner of my mind about getting someplace beautiful in Maine or Oregon or the south of France and writing books.

I have been told you wanted to be Washington Bureau Chief this time around.

I would be fascinated as to who told you that because nobody has talked to me in the last two or three years. It is something I once thought I would like to be. And if they had come to me and said, "We would prefer that you do this," I seriously doubt that I would have said no. I think as few people say no to that job as say no to the Vice Presidency. And I'm not at all sure I would be terribly good at it. I'm somewhat explosive by temperament. I believe I was reasonably successful running a small bureau in Saigon, but whether I would be up for running that large a bureau, I don't know. Besides, I really do enjoy writing and reporting, from which that job is being increasingly removed.

What happened to you at the Nixon White House?

I wasn't very good at it. I am not by nature a person who functions well in a closed environment where I am dependent to a considerable degree on handouts or official briefings. I felt constrained and trapped. At the same time, my marriage was in the process of breaking up, and that didn't help. All in all, it was a very undistinguished performance.

Did that failure cause a change in status? Were you not the national correspondent of *The New York Times* before the White House?

I was the national political correspondent.

And now you are a national correspondent.

No, I am still the national political correspondent, but for some reason the only place where the "a" ever appears is in the italic lines on the bottom of The News of the Week in Review section. I don't know why that is.

How do you know that you definitely are the national political correspondent?

I know because I write the analysis every election night, I am going to write the lead story on election night in

November, and I suppose as soon as we finish I will have to see the managing editor to say that I want my "the" back.

Timothy Crouse's portrait of you in *The Boys on the Bus* is rather unflattering. I wonder how you reacted to his observation that you were a "ruthlessly ambitious hustler who had stabbed and flattered his way to the top through the ranks of the *Times*."

I certainly would not deny that I was ambitious. I certainly would not deny that I flatter on occasion. I don't know whom I stabbed, whom I pushed out of the way. I am sure there were people who wanted the job that I have now. I am sure there are people who wanted other jobs that I've had. That's the way life is. I don't particularly enjoy having it said that I stabbed my way to the top. I don't think anybody would. But my strongest objection to the book concerned some rather bizarre deductions that he drew about my behavior. For example, he describes how I had my hair cut so that I could become the Washington bureau chief of *The New York Times*. That is an adolescent judgment of an adolescent man. In the first place, *The New York Times* does not choose bureau chiefs on the way they wear their hair, and in the second place, the reason I had my hair cut was because I was going to see my mother, who does not like long hair.

Would you admit that your ambition may have gotten the better of you in the past? Have you not muscled *Times* colleagues out of the way, walked over others to get a story?

When I came to the *Times* in 1963 I was a boy reporter, so to speak, in a very large room and very eager to make good. I don't think I was too different from a lot of young reporters. I remember Gay Talese, who used to sit close to me; he was quite aggressive, too. Maybe I took lessons from him. In Saigon I certainly made no effort to try to get the best story

every day. I don't now. I am not eager to keep other reporters out of the paper, or to take stories away from them. One gets slightly more mellow when one reaches 35 and 40.

Crouse has an interesting psychological insight as to why reporters tell stories about you. He says, "They recognize many of their own traits in him grotesquely magnified. The shock of recognition frightened them. Apple was like them, only more blatant."

I am a very blunt person, a very candid person. And I still have a habit, particularly when I am under pressure and rushed, of saying things without small diplomatic flourishes.

Do you enjoy the power you have?

That's the most interesting question you've asked me. I am frightened by it, or perhaps awed is a better word. And I am very reluctant to throw it around in the newspaper. When I call somebody, it's a convenience when they call back. I think my power is probably excessive, just as I think the power of a television news show is excessive. I was very, very nervous when this campaign began about the number of candidates that were going to be running. I was worried that the editors would say, "Well we can't cover them all so we'll have to pick the leading one." If that decision had been made simultaneously at AP, UPI, *Time* and *Newsweek* it would have been a total disaster in terms of a democratic theory. There are obviously a lot of checks on me. I hope that I myself am one of them. But do I revel in it?

You make love to it, as Abe Rosenthal says?

Well, I sometimes make love to *The New York Times* but I'm very ambivalent about the power I have and the way it's used. Yet I would be transparently uncandid if I didn't say I do enjoy it enormously. It's the job I've aspired to since I was 15 or 20 years old. I wanted to be the man from

The New York Times who watched and wrote about candidates. I love politics.

How have you avoided doing a book all these years when several of your colleagues knock them off quite regularly?

Lack of talent, maybe, unwillingness to spoil my vacations writing, no good organizing idea. I have been a little unusual among the national political reporters in that in non-presidential years I have gone abroad on several occasions. Perhaps this time it will be different.

How so?

I may well do a book about the campaign of some sort.

I understand there has been some controversy about your plans for a convention book which would conflict with Richard Reeves's announced project entitled *Convention*.

Where has this controversy taken place?

Between his publishers and Harper and Row, which was your prospective publisher at one point. I heard that Harper and Row turned down your idea because it was too close to Reeves, and plans to do an Arthur Hailey treatment of the Democratic Convention, following several people through that experience. Some people felt that your similar idea was a rip-off.

It was a rip-off?

Yes.

Well, I don't know that Harper and Row has turned down the idea. You know more than I do. And, I don't know who the people are who are saying it is a rip-off.

I have also heard that your agent, David Obst was apologizing to a certain number of people in this controversy for proposing an idea that was too similar to another.

You have to ask David Obst, he hasn't apologized to me.

You are not aware of it?

I am not aware of it in the slightest.

Could you tell me roughly what idea you had for a convention book?

No. ■

DID PAT LIE? DID SCOTTY SNITCH?

Moynihan Said That Reston Said That Kissinger Said

"I stand by my story," says Mort.

On June 22, the *New York Post* announced in its "War Declared" page-one type that "Moynihan Raps Kissinger." Daniel Patrick Moynihan had told reporters in Washington that *New York Times* colum-

nist James Reston had told him that Kissinger was the source of a Reston report that the Ford White House "deplored" Moynihan's performance as U. S. Ambassador to the U.N. The clear implication was that Reston had done the unpardonable: snitched on his source.

The *Post* story ran under the byline of Morton Kondracke, a *Chicago Sun-Times* Washington correspondent, who heard Moynihan reveal Reston's alleged indiscretion at *The Christian Science Monitor's* weekly reporter-politician brunch on June 21.

Reached at his summer home in Martha's Vineyard, the nation's "chief political correspondent" (as Moynihan labeled him) was livid. "I never told Moynihan any such thing," said Reston. "I could never have told Pat that Kissinger told me about how the President felt because it isn't true. My sources on the story were accurate, but they weren't Kissinger."

Faced with Reston's heated denials, Moynihan backtracked—through a spokesman. Said the anonymous mouthpiece: Moynihan was misquoted by Kondracke; he simply could never have said that Reston fingered Kissinger, because Moynihan is too savvy to ask a reporter to reveal his source.

"I stand by my story," says Kondracke, as livid as Reston. "Isn't it funny that the Moynihan camp never called to refute my story?" Doubtless Moynihan, who is fighting for the U.S. Senate Seat in New York, now feels the whole subject deserves some benign neglect. ■



David Levine

THE BEST CRYSTAL BALLS ON THE BUS

Rival Seers Germond And Witcover: How Did They Do, And Is It Worth Doing?

'Jules and Jack were wrong as often as they were right.'

BY MILTON S. GWIRTZMAN There are two ways to report the primary season. One is to faithfully record what the candidates say, what they are like, what they stand for and what the real issues are among them. The other is to try to predict who is going to win. Since everyone wants to know who is ahead, the second approach is almost universally followed and even two of the nation's best political reporters spend a good deal of time gazing into their crystal balls—often with as little success as anyone else.

Jack Germond, chief political correspondent of *The Washington Star*, and Jules Witcover, national correspondent of the *Los Angeles Times-Washington Post* syndicate, are generally acknowledged to be among the best. Germond has been a reporter for 25 years, Witcover for 27. Both have specialized in national politics for at least a decade. Witcover is the author of a highly-praised book on Robert Kennedy's 1968 campaign, *86 Days*, as well as a perceptive study of former Vice President Spiro Agnew. During presidential years, their papers give these men front-page billing. Germond especially, in his column, "Politics Today" (which he shares with James Dickenson), has space for wide-ranging political commentary as well as reporting.

"Jules and Jack," as they are called by their colleagues, are inseparable on the campaign trail. They cover candidates together, play cards together, trade opinions with one another over dinner at the best restaurants in the primary states (Germond's favorite is the London Grille of the Benson Hotel in Portland, Oregon). Most important, they are listened to by the rest of the boys on the bus. Jules and Jack are available for constant consultation. Thus their opinions quickly spread to the print correspondents, and more significantly to traveling correspondents of the television networks, whose faces and voices may be more appealing on camera, but whose political judgment and experience is, with rare exception, hardly up to the task of analyzing the campaigns for 80 million Americans. All of this gives Jules and Jack significance far beyond the circulation of their papers.

Witcover's and Germond's reporting of the 1976 campaign to date illustrates the difference between ordinary campaign coverage and what I would call "predictive" reporting. Both reporters wrote solid stories about the candidates and their organizations. Both conducted revealing interviews with voters in several states. Neither wasted his readers' time with the cheap "tease" stories that have dotted campaign coverage the past several months—the recurring reports that Senator Edward Ken-

nedy would be available for a draft, or that John Connally was going to get into the race, or Robert Healy's "exclusive" in *The Boston Globe* that Senator Hubert Humphrey would announce shortly after the March 2 Massachusetts primary.

Yet, on the occasions Jules and Jack played seers they were wrong at least as often as they were right. And even when right, they sometimes reversed their predictions as returns from subsequent primaries *seemed* to call them into question. A good example was the "he's up-he's down" coverage of the eventual Democratic nominee, Jimmy Carter.

Germond was one of the first reporters to spot the potential appeal of the former Georgia governor. In a November 17 article headed "Democratic Purists Are Taking Carter Seriously Now,"—a good two months before the Iowa caucuses—Germond offered as good a description of Carter's personality, strategy and political savvy as any written since. He concluded:

What Carter, and the professionals in other campaigns, recognize is that his is a campaign of image and momentum perhaps more than any other. Thus he is a candidate more than any other, except perhaps Fred Harris, who must rely on making the kind of impression that the television commentators and Democrats across the country will find "surprising" or "stunning" or the cliché of your choice.

In subsequent articles, however, Germond bounced the "momentum" concept around so much as to render it virtually meaningless. After speculating on November 16 that the multiplicity of candidates in the New Hampshire primary meant that state's vote would yield a "kiss-your-sister result," he concluded, "with no front runner to cut down to size, the press and public alike will not be inclined to read cosmic significance into the New Hampshire result just because it is the first." Yet the day before New Hampshire, he called it "a critical test." Then, on February 29, he said that Carter, "riding his momentum from New Hampshire, is a slight favorite to capture the Massachusetts primary" March 2. Carter finished a sad fourth in Massachusetts, leading Germond to state on March 3 that Carter had "suffered grievous damage for both the short and long haul," and to ask on March 7 whether the Georgia Governor could "repair the image he was building" in time to do well in Florida the following week. Carter did well there, of course, leading Germond to rev up the Carter motor once again: "The Florida victory establishes him as the instant and obvious favorite" to win the following Illinois and North Carolina primaries. "Success there," Germond wrote, "could catapult Carter into the critical New York primary April 6 with velocity far beyond what any candidate might have hoped to ask when the contest for the Democratic nomination began."

Carter's "velocity" gained him only a distant third-place finish in New York, but Germond nevertheless saw him (April 8) "positioning himself to take an almost unbreakable grip on the

Milton S. Gwartzman is an international lawyer based in Washington and teaches a seminar in presidential nominating politics at Yale University. He has worked in the campaigns of six Democratic presidential candidates.

nomination a month from today." Quite accurately, Germond foresaw the Pennsylvania primary as "perhaps the ultimate confrontation" leading to that grip because of Pennsylvania's size, its northern-state industrial nature, its ethnic composition and the fact that the support of the big-city organizations and the labor unions gave Jackson a presumed advantage that would make a Carter victory especially dramatic. When Carter swept Pennsylvania impressively, Germond pulled out all the stops: "Jimmy Carter has taken a grip on the nomination that may prove to be unbreakable," he wrote on April 28; and on April 30, when Hubert Humphrey announced he would not enter the race, Germond observed that:

The only candidate who can stop Jimmy Carter now is probably Jimmy Carter. . . . The next genuine tests, if they can be called that, will come against Senator Frank Church in Nebraska and Governor Edmund Brown in Maryland. Neither is considered formidable opposition at this point. . . . Brown is still an unknown quantity as a national figure and would seem to appeal to the same constituency that has been electing Carter all through the winter and spring.

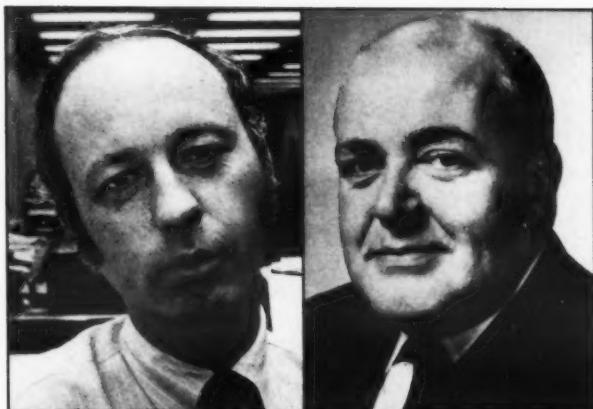
This last opinion ran in the same edition of the *Star* as a picture of Brown reaching into a frenzied crowd in Baltimore to shake hands, *a la* the Kennedy brothers. And as the late entries in the Democratic race started to draw votes away from Carter, Germond beat a quick retreat in his predictions. "The almost universal expectation in Nebraska," he wrote the day of that state's primary, "is that Church will lose to Jimmy Carter, but a Church victory would fertilize doubt about the front runner from Georgia." Church won and the following Tuesday Carter was soundly whipped by Brown in Maryland and won a squeaker from Rep. Morris Udall in Michigan. "There is something seriously amiss in the Jimmy Carter campaign," wrote Germond, saying the man with the unshakable grip was now "facing a genuinely critical test" in Oregon May 25. Carter's "late troubles," Germond said, "can be blamed at least in part on the demands of his run-everywhere strategy," a reference to the fact that of all the Democratic candidates, Carter alone had entered every state primary. Yet two weeks before, Germond had called Carter's blitz of Senator Lloyd Bentsen in Texas, "the ultimate flowering of Carter's strategy of running everywhere."

After Oregon, Germond almost despaired:

Jimmy Carter's third consecutive black Tuesday has raised genuine doubts about his ability to capture the Democratic Presidential nomination on the first ballot, and that in turn raises a doubt about his ability to win it at all. . . . The damage to Carter is not immediately apparent. He has over 1,000 of the delegates needed and can reasonably arrive at the convention with 1,200 or so. But some of these are capable of defection and are legally free to do so. . . . The returns from Michigan last week and Oregon last night mean Udall could make it close in Ohio. . . . Carter needs a first ballot victory more than any of the others. He has depended on momentum and his reputation as a winner. If it is discovered the Emperor has no clothes, it may be difficult and it could be impossible for him to recover.

Germond offers no apologies for trying to read the future out of the entrails of the ongoing primaries. "Readers want to know who is winning," he says. "And they expect you to make mistakes in the process."

Germond maintains his late-season comments about the possible softness of Carter's delegate count were justified, since at least 100 announced Carter delegates were under the control of a handful of leaders and were "capable of being swung back away from Carter if that became the fad of the moment." And he stoutly defends his post-Pennsylvania conclusion that "only Carter can beat Carter" as standing up during the late-primary period. The Georgian was defeated there, Germond believes, not by his opponents' strength but by the way he was perceived as



Jules (left) and Jack cover candidates together, play cards together and dine at the best restaurants together.

fuzzy on issues and the fact he did not confront this problem effectively enough.

In this regard, Germond shares a common failing among seers. They assume that if a candidate wins or loses an election *after* something happens, he has won or lost *because* of that something. In mid-February, justifying the fact that most candidates were offering only slogans, Germond had observed that "voters have long since passed the point at which they take politicians literally or seriously on particular plans or proposals. They know little campaign talk is ever converted into substance . . . and the fabric of their own lives is only rarely touched by Presidential activities." Shortly before New Hampshire, he called Carter "a masterful campaigner with an uncanny ability to put himself across to liberals as a liberal and to conservatives as a conservative and to both as a fresh face." But once Carter started losing primaries, Germond changed his tune, saying it was "essential for Carter to deal directly with the questions voters are raising about him before the notion that there is little behind that smile becomes a full-scale epidemic."

Germond notes that the "fuzziness" issue was one which evolved during the course of the campaign as Carter's opponents "zeroed in" on issues. He says this fact was substantiated by Carter campaign polls, to which he had occasional access.

Because he ventured predictions about Carter far less often, Witcover had less trouble in his Carter reporting than Germond did. Witcover stuck more closely to analyzing Carter's qualities and activities. He was, for example, the first major reporter to raise questions about his rhetorical technique. Shortly after the Iowa caucuses, where Carter had allegedly called for "legislative action" to restrict abortions, Witcover said "Carter is a man who must watch his words more carefully, lest he talk himself into trouble." This was fully six weeks before the unfortunate "ethnic purity" remark. Witcover also sensed, immediately after the Pennsylvania primary, that a late challenge to Carter could develop out of the positive vote-getting appeal of Church and Brown.

Witcover's difficulty was with the candidacy of Henry Jackson. His profile of Jackson, published in late December, was extremely astute in the way it revealed Jackson's rigidity as a campaigner: "He is a single-minded workaholic with an unshakable conviction that he knows where he is going and that it's the right place. There is nothing more about him than meets the eye." But Witcover greatly overestimated Jackson's prospects during the two months between the primaries in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. He believed that Jackson's Massachusetts

Edward Koren



win placed him in a position comparable to Richard Nixon in the primaries of 1968: as a candidate with a "loser" image who has shed it through an early victory in a New England state (Nixon's was in New Hampshire). "Jackson's successful unveiling" of his strategy of stressing only the "big states . . . gives short shrift to the supposed disenchantment and even hostility in the country toward Washington," Witcover wrote. He also read too much into Jackson's showing in Florida, saying his 22 per cent finish along with his Massachusetts vote "underscores his strength among exactly the kind of voters who carry the most delegate selection weight in the party from industrial areas." That, plus Carter's decision to deemphasize the New York contest, meant that "Jackson stands a good chance of picking up the bulk of New York's delegates—a coup that would probably put him in the lead in the delegate race." (It didn't.) In fact, analyses of the Jackson Florida vote shows it limited to the elderly and to Jewish voters of all ages—the same kind of votes Jackson

received in all the primaries he entered—except for Massachusetts.

Witcover's Pennsylvania story, two days before that state's primary, talked about the "burly trade union slug-gers who have stepped up to bat for Jackson in order to help Humphrey. Because Jackson has the state and Philadelphia organizations in his corner, plus strong organizational labor support, he is favored to win the most delegates of any candidate," Witcover wrote, "although probably not the parallel candidate preference poll." (Jackson got 41 delegates to Carter's 65).

Witcover says that if he was overly impressed by Jackson's Massachusetts showing, it was because he was "surprised" by it—the surprise occurred because he "did not give enough weight to the amount of money and organization the Jackson people had put into bringing it out." Witcover calls Massachusetts the classic example of a "pull" election, in which a candidate triumphs by bringing his supporters to the polls instead of winning over new supporters.

In those primary states to which he traveled personally, Germond unabashedly tried to pick the winners in advance wherever he could. Witcover did not. He maintains firmly he is not a "predictive" reporter and "doesn't call elections." He says his Pennsylvania story was not a personal prediction, merely a report of the predictions that had been given him by politicians in the state. In terms of what the reader carries away with him, I doubt this distinction matters at all.

There were several other miscalls along the way. Both men (along with all the other reporters) overestimated George Wallace's potential, largely because he had done so well in previous years. Germond wrote that Fred Harris might be a "sleeper" in New Hampshire because Germond had been impressed in previous campaigns by the kind of "guerrilla" organization he thought Harris had (Harris got 11 per cent of the vote). Witcover wrote on March 9 that if Ford beat Reagan in Florida, he could "knock him out" of the race in the Illinois primary a week

later. Germond thought "either Ford or Reagan will have to abandon his campaign" by March 17. Both assumed the bulk of the Michigan Democrats voting in the Republican primary would choose Reagan because this is what Democrats had done in previous weeks in Texas and Indiana. They also assumed that Reagan's remarks about selling the Tennessee Valley Authority would doom him in Tennessee, where he won.

In 20 years of studying and working in Presidential election campaigns, I have sat in on countless sessions among both voters and politicians discussing who is going to win. I have never heard a prediction I had not previously read almost verbatim in some newspaper. But predictive reporting goes well beyond this kind of monopoly. It has a major impact on the day-to-day strategies of campaigns, the morale of campaign organizations, and the disposition of the candidates. The only thing it doesn't do is affect the way people vote—and that is why it is so often wrong.

Because of the large number of primaries and the restrictions on the candidates' spending—both new developments—the national media exercise a far greater influence on determining the Presidential nominees this year than ever before. To the extent that their emphasis was on predictions, they wasted an important opportunity. The tools just do not exist for even the best reporters to climb into the minds of the mass of voters. Until better tools are developed, the attempt to do so is not only a waste of newsprint, but a cop-out on the real task of giving voters the facts and judgments to make an informed choice. The public would be better served and the outcome of elections could well be different if the media would stop treating political campaigns like boxing matches and report them like the serious exercises in democratic choice they are. ■



Two reporters take on "the ultimate power broker."

"For 15 years, Nelson Rockefeller was the boss of New York. Nobody ever formally referred to him by that title. But having grasped public power, he ruled with an iron hand. . . . For 15 years, in legislatures dominated by Democrats as well as Republicans, he was able to ram through bills under the guise of 'public good.' In fact, they were his perception of the public good—which ran from the boldly innovative to the radically wrong. The same ruthless techniques that brought him youthful success, guided his passion to serve, and furthered his quest for the presidency were what branded him as the ultimate power broker."

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WHICH TO WATCH, WHEN TO SWITCH

In The Olympics Of Electronic Journalism, Mouth-To-Mouth Combat Is The Main Event

Reasoner and Smith: 'Surely the emptiest talking heads on TV.'

BY JOHN LEONARD Well, it looks this year as though the networks won't have the Democrats to kick around any more. The Party can plausibly tell itself that it lost one election, in 1968, because of what it looked like on television during its convention; and that it all but committed *seppuku* in public the next time around. Never again. Mr. Carter, who seems to be a combination of St. Francis of Assisi, Elmer's Glue-All and *Jaws*, won't allow it. If, by the time you read this, he hasn't already decided on his vice-presidential running-mate, it will be because, as he told *Newsweek*, "we might need some suspense at the convention."

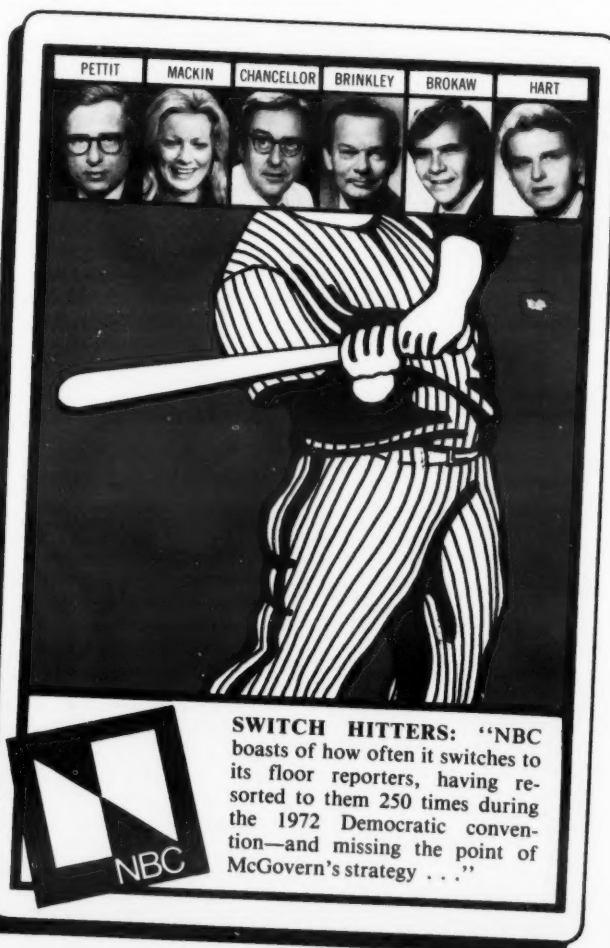
Even a platform squabble of any significant proportions looks unlikely. You will remember that in 1972 at Miami Beach the Democrats ululated for more than 13 hours about their platform splinters. Each roll call on each plank took 70 minutes. Not this time. For one thing, the platform committee wrapped up its draft-work in Washington on June 15, with every plank so compromised that there no longer seems to be any distinction between Senator Jackson and Representative Udall. With so much "give" in it, it's not a platform; it's a trampoline.

For another thing, the Democratic National Committee has hired Al Vecchione to "produce" its convention. Vecchione was responsible for the efficient way public television followed the Watergate hearings. He recently told Jane Perlez of the *New York Post* that he's going to make some changes "designed to enhance the comprehension factor for the audience." Among the proposed changes is keeping the platform debate down to between three and six hours. The rules committee may also decide to have only one roll-call vote, after the debate on all the planks.

Other changes in store for Madison Square Garden, according to Perlez's story, are shorter speeches (keynoters John Glenn of Ohio and Barbara Jordan of Texas will be limited to 20 minutes each) and a certain amount of inflexibility (Carter's running-mate will accept his or her nomination at 9:30 p.m. on July 15; Carter will accept his at 10:30 p.m.; and Representative Lindy Boggs, the convention chairperson, will start things off promptly on Tuesday, July 13, at 7:30, in order to get her speech in before ABC switches to the All-Star baseball game). Such inflexibility will be made possible by conferring on the convention chair the power of a "special order," to stop all business.

Is this really "live" television? With Vecchione as the producer, Carter as the director, Mayor Daley in a good mood and Hubert Humphrey in a glum study, what is an Eric Sevareid to sermonize about? How will Harry Reasoner and Howard K. Smith—surely the two emptiest talking heads on TV to begin with—stay awake?

They will come up with something. NBC especially needs this convention. After a disastrous season in the entertainment ratings, it is substantially outspending CBS and ABC on Presidential campaign coverage. To be first in the news ratings means more than prestige. News these days means money, and the conventions are the Olympics of electronic journalism. To win in July and August is usually to win in November.



SWITCH HITTERS: "NBC boasts of how often it switches to its floor reporters, having resorted to them 250 times during the 1972 Democratic convention—and missing the point of McGovern's strategy . . ."

John Leonard is the chief cultural correspondent of The New York Times.

For NBC in the command module will be, of course, John Chancellor and David Brinkley. On the convention floor will be Tom Pettit, John Hart, Catherine Mackin (the Blythe Danner of Miami Beach, 1972; I was among those smitten: she simply refused to believe those people who insisted on lying to her) and Tom Brokaw (who is to be congratulated for having won an important fight for electronic journalists: he takes over the *Today* show on his own terms, which means he won't do commercials). In its pre-convention publicity package, NBC boasts of how often it switches to its floor reporters, having resorted to them 250 times during the 1972 Democratic convention—and missing the point of McGovern's strategy on the South Carolina challenge every single time.

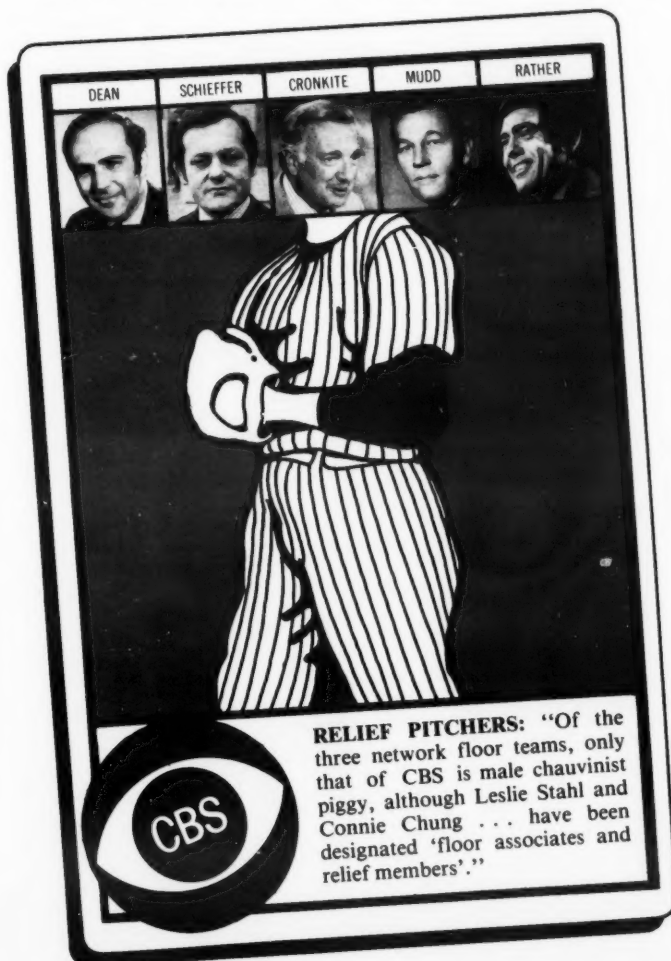
CBS, on the other hand, advertises "all electronic" convention coverage, with 30 cameras and four mobile "flash" units. The command module will be crowded, with the inevitable Cronkite (who had better pull himself together after his maudering performance on the night of the New Jersey, Ohio and California primaries), the inevitable Seavareid (the system works because I am the system and I contain multitudes, all of them oracular), the squeaky-clean Bill Moyers (but, gee, once upon a time I wanted to be President, knowing America to be wonderful and mysterious and sincere) and, one hopes, a chastened Theodore H. White (one hopes, that is, that Watergate has encouraged him

to repress his epiphanic impulse). White and Seavareid, in mouth-to-mouth combat, will grapple over who wins this year's Cup for Avuncular Spenglerianism.

On the floor for CBS will not be Dan Schorr, who endorsed Clay Felker. Morton Dean, Roger Mudd, Dan Rather and Bob Schieffer will try to cover for him. Of the three network floor-teams, only that of CBS is male chauvinist piggy, although Lesley Stahl and Connie Chung, along with Ed Bradley and Richard Threlkeld, have been designated "floor associates and relief members." With any luck at all, CBS will choose to "counterprogram" Catherine Mackin with Stahl before Senator Gravel decides which network he will endorse.

As for ABC's command module, nobody seems to know whether Barbara Walters will be around to pounce on dead air or has, instead, gone on sabbatical to Zurich, there, like Horace in his *Epistles*, to reflect: "The populace may hiss me, and when I go home and think of my money I applaud myself." We are promised Harry Reasoner and Howard K. Smith, the headwaiters, one of whom is not expected to endorse Walters. We are also promised two spectacular losers, George McGovern and Barry Goldwater. Goldwater will observe the Democratic convention; McGovern, the Republican. This is known as remedial reading.

Meanwhile, on the floor for ABC will be Frank Reynolds, Ted Koppel, Sam Donaldson and Ann Compton. The boast here is



that the four correspondents represent "nearly 80 years of journalistic experience." Well. Cronkite and Seavard must have that between them. What does it mean? Representatives Hays and Young seem, between them, to have had 80 years of stenographic experience: can they type? And, as has been usual at least since 1968, ABC will be covering the conventions on the cheap: "live" for the highlights, otherwise edited, the way some radio stations edit Beethoven down to a movement or Verdi down to an aria. "Conservatism," Richard Weaver once wrote, "is a paradigm of essences towards which the phenomenology of the world is in continuing approximation." In that sense, ABC is conservative, while Barry Goldwater is not.

Personally, I'll watch NBC. John Chancellor appeals to me as the serious older brother, the one Mother swore she would send to college even if she had to steal food stamps, so that he would make something of himself and marry a Wellesley girl and buy enough life insurance to tide over the grandchildren while his younger siblings ended up in group therapy, the Tidal Basin, Angola or the Marriott Hotel.

But, you will ask, is this video trip necessary? If we want to watch Democrats being dull, why not stay home with the TV set off and examine ourselves? I think it is necessary. Not because it is going to be as entertaining as the networks desperately wish—although I haven't seen the 20-minute film, with Mary Tyler Moore's Edward Asner, that kicks off the Democratic convention. Nor because the networks necessarily will report what happens in Madison Square Garden more thoroughly than the basilisks of the dailies and weeklies—although, because even the lowliest delegate wants a 10-second spot, TV is a kind of roving electronic blackmail and usually delivers the goods. (The first, and last, Presiden-

tial nominating convention I went to as a reporter was Chicago, 1968, with the plasticized, color-coded badges on elastic strings, the "go/no-go" boxes, bomb inspections, baby-blue riot helmets, bayonets and Mayor Daley's municipal serfs shouting down "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Since I was filing for *The New Statesman*, I was so far up in the balconies that I couldn't see what was going on without watching television.)

No. A nominating convention is a sort of Ex-Lax for the

body politic, a theater of ourselves, a legitimizing ceremony. The point has been made before—I've made it myself seven times in the last three years—that the role of television in our culture is to purvey these legitimizing ceremonies: the Super Bowl, the World Series, the Academy Awards, moon-landings, Rhoda's getting married. Television authenticates and signifies at the same time. How else, in our mobile homes, would we celebrate, worship or mourn? Having said this, though, is finally not

having said very much. It is as if we are agnostics about reality itself. We know that what we see is a "media-event" and are smug in the knowledge. If Walter Cronkite takes it seriously, then we don't have to. His seriousness absolves us. There is a "media-reality" for which we can disclaim responsibility, and a private reality, which is our watching of the magic show as if it had nothing to do with our lives and the lives of our children. This amounts to a phenomenology without essences and therefore without guilt. ■

LANGUAGE

HOW HIP IS SAFIRE TO HEP?

Columnist Called Off-The-Wall For Depressing Definitions

'Funky Butt Hall was never a place.'

BY BARBARA L. JOHNSON

When I read William Safire's Endpaper in a recent *Sunday Times Magazine* ("Vogue Words are Trific, Right?"—March 21), I suffered this vision that in 20 years my own child will come to me, a copy of this article in hand, and try to tell me that when I was a kid *heavy* meant *depressing*. Of course, I will remember that *heavy* did not mean *depressing*, but I will not be believed. After all, it's right there in black and white.

"*Heavy*, a 40s word for *villain*, became a 60s word for *depressing*" is what Safire wrote. Well, the 40s word for *villain* is a noun and still in use in 1976 and probably isn't related at all to the 60s word for *depressing*, which is an adjective and means *serious* or *im-*

portant. Not *depressing*. That *heavy Owsley blue acid* they used to hawk on Haight Street was never *depressing*.

"Off the wall . . . comes from the squash court and means *unexpected* or *veering crazily*," Safire goes on, misinforming our future generation. The meaning is right, but people who play squash don't say *off the wall*, they say *unexpected* or *veering crazily*. It's more likely the phrase comes out of stoop-ball or box-ball or basketball.

"Long ago it was *hep*, then it changed to *hip*," Safire says, but it was never *hep*. At least never among the hip. In fact, if you said *hep*, the hip knew you were either 1) an Andrews Sisters Fan, 2) a columnist for *The New York Times*, 3) someone who thought Funky Butt Hall got its name because it reeked of stale cigar smoke or 4) all of the above.

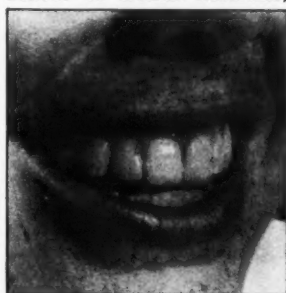
"*Funky*," Safire says, was "originally a jazz term referring to the smell of cigar smoke [and it] bottomed out in meaning as *old cigars*, *old and decrepit surroundings*, *just plain old*." (Louis Armstrong often referred to 'Funky Butt Hall, where I first heard Buddy Bolden play.') Later, as *old* became desirable, *funky* gained its current meaning of *nostalgic* or sweetly memorable, if cornball. (Some of those old cigars were *Havanas*.)

In *Jazz Talk*, Robert S. Gold traces the etymology of *funky* from the Old French *funicle*, which meant *terrible*. *Funky* does describe the smell of rotten tobacco and that is where the word came from, but that isn't what it means. In his nightclub routine, Redd Foxx talks about *funky* and how the word is misused, and how when he was a kid he was playing hide and seek and got trapped in the closet where his aunt kept the dirty underwear. "I was there half an hour," Foxx says, "and let me tell you, that smell was *funky*!" And Funky Butt Hall is not a place (like Podunk or Hicksville or "the sticks" refer to no specific place), it's any place that is small and ratty and smells like funky butts. Besides, when Louis Armstrong was a kid in New Orleans and first went to hear Buddy Bolden play jazz, he absentmindedly left his Havana cigars at the squash court. Heavy. ■

Barbara L. Johnson is a hip freelance writer.

HELLBOX**SWEET TRUTH****Hazards Of Day-Long Milky Way Diet Exposed**

There are plenty of sweeter candies and cereals, but Milky Way candy bars are in trouble these days simply because they're so indescribably gooey. At issue is a Saturday morning commercial suggesting, "At work, rest and play, eat Milky Way all day." While this diet may seem more fun than broccoli, Action for Children's Television calls it the road to ruined teeth. The consumer group's authority is Dr. Abraham Nizel of the Tufts School of Dental Medicine,



Forget about Milky Way. Through this dentist's day-dream not so much as an M & M has passed.

who says that cavities are most often caused by the in-between meal consumption of "sticky, sweet snacks." Sucrose, or refined sugar, he says, is "a secondary consideration." Milky Way, with 26.8 per cent sucrose, is less sweet than many competitors, but few can top it for that sticky milk chocolate and caramel. ACT claims that telling kids to gobble up Milky Way all day violates the Federal Trade Commission Act, which deems unfair any advertising that may cause substantial injury to consumers. The group has filed a complaint with the FTC against Milky Way's manufacturer, Mars, Inc. ■

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ESTABLISHING THE LEVELS OF THE GAME

John McPhee Obsessively Pursues Such Obscure Subjects As Oranges, Bark Canoes And Archdruids

'I don't feel secure as a writer,' says one of the very best.

BY TONY SCHWARTZ For the past 13 years, John McPhee has been the quintessential *New Yorker* writer, regularly turning out 40,000-word pieces, often on the most esoteric of subjects. While Gay Talese writes about *The New York Times*, sex and the mafia, David Halberstam about Vietnam and television, Norman Mailer about political conventions and Marilyn Monroe, and Truman Capote about everyone, McPhee writes on conservation and bark canoes, oranges and experimental flying machines, a high school headmaster, a nuclear physicist and a keeper of the grass at Wimbledon. Many of his pieces have become books; others have been included in collections. At 45, he has published 13 books in all, but just as he chooses anonymous subjects, he prefers anonymity for himself. Though he is one of the best non-fiction writers in America, there are many journalists who have never heard of him, and many more who have never read his books.

If McPhee's work has never attracted a mass audience, it has won a loyal cult following. All but a few of his books have sold in the range of 15,000-20,000 hardcover copies—an extraordinarily consistent and profitable track record for any journalist, but particularly so considering McPhee's choice of subjects. Equally impressive is the fact that all but one of McPhee's books remain in print—and continue to sell.

McPhee readers are drawn to a writer whose near singular commitment to work produces pieces rich in detail on a broad range of complex subjects, and a prose so elegantly and seamlessly honed that it is effortless to read. He describes how his subjects think, writes about their relationships, their inner and outer lives, but never seems to intrude on them. His writing has a cumulative effect and often it isn't until well into a piece that the reader realizes how much information has been imparted, and how easily. For all McPhee's labor, none of his sweat shows.

When John McPhee was a sophomore at Princeton, he picked up a *New Yorker* at a subway stand in New York City en route back to college. "There was a piece on Addison Mizner—an architect who was long on flare and short on training," he recalls. "The piece amused me and interested me. I thought, gosh, I could do that. Not tomorrow morning, but sometime." It took him more than 10 years.

The breakthrough came in 1963, when McPhee, then 33, came by *The New Yorker* for his fourth job interview. The magazine had just bought an autobiographical remembrance of his postgraduate basketball days at Cambridge University. McPhee hoped the piece, which followed three years of unsuccessful submissions, would finally win him the staff writer's job he so much

wanted. For seven years he had been writing entertainment profiles for *Time* magazine, among them nine cover stories on stars such as Sophia Loren, Mort Sahl and Richard Burton. Although he enjoyed the respect and sometimes even the awe of his colleagues, McPhee was restless. He felt constrained by *Timestyle*. He wanted to choose his own subjects, and to write about them his own way.

McPhee didn't get a job offer that day, but Leo Hofeller, his *New Yorker* editor, did encourage him to try some more writing for the magazine. McPhee immediately suggested a piece about Bill Bradley, a remarkable young Princeton basketball player. Hofeller was skeptical; the magazine had just run a story about a basketball player, he said. McPhee did some checking and discovered that "just" meant five years before. He returned home and wrote a 5,000-word proposal (the length of a standard *Time* cover story). Satisfied that it read like a finished piece, he sent it in. The Bradley he described was not just a superb basketball player and a passionate student of the game, but also a young man of great discipline and wide-ranging interests—a history scholar, a Sunday School teacher and a campus leader. Like McPhee himself, Bradley was a man committed to the unflamboyant pursuit of excellence. Hofeller was intrigued by McPhee's proposal, but made no guarantee of payment, nor even of expenses. For McPhee, though, the expression of interest was enough.

During the next six months he followed Bradley with the quiet relentlessness that has become his reportorial trademark. At first he simply met with the player on weekends in Princeton, and talked to everyone he could find who knew anything about his subject. Then, when Bradley returned home to Independence, Missouri in August, McPhee followed. Using his vacation time, he tagged along to endless practice sessions, and discussed basketball with Bradley in endless detail.

It was during one such session that a small, but telling incident occurred. McPhee was feeding Bradley basketballs on a sweltering summer afternoon. As Bradley chattered casually, he began tossing one hook shot after another over his shoulder at the basket behind him, never looking toward it. Each one swished through the hoop. "How was such a shot possible?" McPhee asked in astonishment. "When you have played basketball for a while," Bradley responded evenly, "you get a sense of where you are."

Several months later, McPhee completed his 40,000-word manuscript and handed it in without a title—the first and only time he would fail to include one. The piece was accepted almost immediately and when McPhee came next to *The New Yorker*, it was to read galley. In the margins were a series of small suggestions made by *New Yorker* editor William Shawn. Shawn had

Tony Schwartz is associate editor of *New Times*.

also added a title: "A Sense of Where You Are." Two weeks later, McPhee was finally offered a staff job. He quit *Time*, set up shop above his garage in Princeton and began writing for *The New Yorker*.

I wanted to talk with John McPhee both because I admire his writing and because I was fascinated by his evident commitment to perfection. I wanted to know something about how a man like that works. Finding out was not easy.

When he is writing, McPhee turns off the phone in his office, so I had to contact him first through his publisher. After several weeks I received a message that McPhee had called. He had not left a number. Two weeks later, about 3:30 one weekday afternoon, McPhee called again. He was gracious and friendly, but asked that we put off any interview for several months. He said that he was in the middle of a difficult project and felt loathe to interrupt his concentration. He told me he had been working that day since 9 a.m. and had written only one page. I could sense the agony in his voice, and though we talked for nearly 20 minutes, the conversation ended inconclusively.

What struck me was McPhee's willingness to talk at such length merely about setting up an interview—as if the chatter were a relief for him from the burden of work. The problem with a formal interview was that "it so intensely occupies your mind." After several more phone conversations, we finally arranged to meet for a couple of hours at McPhee's *New Yorker* office.

McPhee's cubicle in *The New Yorker* building on West 43rd Street was appropriately sparse. He does his writing in Princeton, and the only personal touches here were a few notecards on the wall, one headlined "see/call/do" and the others dotted with brief messages. McPhee was shorter than I'd imagined (5'7"). His large head and full red-



McPhee: "The idea that fiction is a higher form irritates me."

and-gray flecked brown beard give him a forceful presence in the photographs that appear with reviews (he never uses a photograph on book jackets). In person he is short and compact, and though he has a gentle appearance, it does nothing to diminish his intensity. It is there in the eyes, voice and gestures.

McPhee began by convincing me not to use a tape recorder. He doesn't work with one, partly because he hates transcribing, but mostly because he thinks it makes interviews less natural. Instead he listens for key phrases ("a little dialogue goes a long way"), repeating questions

when he misses answers the first time. Using that method I scribbled at furious speed while McPhee, looking relieved, talked about the early part of his career.

"In 1955, I returned home from Cambridge [where he'd been doing postgraduate work] and began writing TV plays. That's what I wanted to do. It was in the era before they went Hollywood. There were hour-long dramas like *Robert Montgomery Presents*, and I'd go out and sit in all day at rehearsals, read scripts and then go home and write. That was it—watch, read, write; watch, read, write. I wrote five scripts, three were bought and

two were produced. All during that era I wrote 'Talk of the Town' pieces. Four times I went to *The New Yorker* and talked with them. All my pieces were rejected.

"As a little kid I remember writing had seemed like an easy thing to do." McPhee paused, and an impish smile flickered on his face. "God, what a ridiculous vision that was. It's a real horror chamber, but I didn't know it then. At Princeton, I wrote for every single publication that existed—the literary magazine, reviews for the newspaper, a page for the alumni magazine and a couple of others that are now defunct."

After writing TV plays for two years, McPhee decided to take a low level job on Wall Street, experiencing life by day and writing about it by night. He lasted one year ("a great idea but I didn't write") before joining *Time* in 1957. "I wrote mainly show business, back of the book. It was my lawn, and I mowed it. I don't mean to be gratuitous—all the pieces had a structure, a beginning, a middle and an end. You wrote 120,000 words a year. What a young writer needs is volume, so in that respect I learned a lot.

"But I became discouraged because I wanted to get into something longer. I did do some pieces for other magazines, but *Time* gets the last drop from you." Whenever McPhee talked about *Time* there seemed to be some bitterness, but he was loathe to blame his dissatisfaction on his former employers. "I was tormented that things might not come out the way I wanted them to. It was an era of necessary expectation, but just so long as you're writing, it's ok. The drudgery element is a very, very big thing, learning very elementary and uninspiring mechanics, rhythms, sounds, getting more and more used to sentences. It's practicing."

When at last he got the *New Yorker* job, McPhee had the freedom to follow his in-

instincts. "I've got to write about what I'm interested in. If I chose subjects because of their negotiability, I wouldn't get pieces written. The reason I've gotten anywhere is that I've meandered around following my interests. I think of the things I write as compositions, pieces of writing, not as books.

"A piece of writing should grow organically to whatever length is right. When I began *Deltoid Pumpkin Seed* [a book about an oddly shaped experimental flying machine, that McPhee will admit, under prodding, to thinking his best], it was as a 'Talk of the Town' piece. I had no idea it would become a three-part, 70,000-word *New Yorker* profile about an event that took place over 14 years with 10 major characters, and that for two years I'd get up every day at 5 a.m. to watch them test it. I would have thought 'Holy Smoke.'

"*Survival of the Bark Canoe, Levels of the Game, Oranges* all grew to about 40,000 words. That seems to be a good length for me. But everything grows to the length it seems to require. I'm very lucky that way, and I'll never add anything. A book isn't better by its weight."

As McPhee talked, it was easy to see why he considers interviews such an intrusion. He took each question I asked seriously, and answered carefully, as disciplined in speech as he is in writing. Because McPhee works without deadlines or length limits, I wondered how he manages to keep at his writing.

"I get to work about 8:30 each morning, after driving my kids to work. I usually work from 8:30 to 8:30, but mostly I make tea and stare out the window. At some point in the day, I go out and play some game, racketball, tennis, squash. I'll spend one or two hours playing. The best time for writing now seems to be 6 to 8:30 p.m. By then something is coiling up in me. I have the feeling that if I get

nothing done, the day will have been a total waste and I'll feel miserable. That fear gets me to write."

I asked McPhee if, after more than a decade of the same routine and two decades of professional writing, it gets any easier. He shook his head.

"Once the problem was getting started; now it is keeping going, giving myself more time to recover. But the daily routine in writing recapitulates itself. Just as the darkest period of any day is the beginning, so the darkest period of a piece is the start. You feel there is no hope, you can't do it, it's wretched and hopeless.

"When the piece is underway, my confidence goes right down to zero. I don't feel secure as a writer. I don't think it would be reasonable to be secure. You are only as good as your next piece of writing, and your last piece will not write the next one. Once I finish a piece, I immediately feel nostalgic—what a shame, I'll never be able to do something like that again. It's smoothed out some over the years, but not much."

At that point, we were interrupted by a phone call from McPhee's wife, but only briefly. "There is a man here writing an article about me and my work," he told her, "so we can't chatter for long." When he got off, I asked what it is about his chosen profession that makes it so difficult.

"Writing is a suspension of life in order to recreate life. You are stopping dead and in doing that, you are six feet under water without any equipment. You feel like someone drowning. You write because you can't see yourself doing anything else. If I saw an alternative I'd take it. I just have never had any other desire."

I arranged to talk with McPhee one more time at *The New Yorker*, but several days before the meeting, I was forced to cancel, and McPhee never got the message I left with one of his daughters (he is married for a second time, and

has eight children in all, four from his present wife's first marriage). "That's too bad, goddammit," McPhee told me when we next spoke. "I put aside the time and the goddamn kids didn't tell me." It was the only time I ever saw him visibly upset. Rather than reschedule the meeting, which had come to seem unduly intrusive, I agreed to ask McPhee a few final questions over the phone. One area we hadn't talked about was how he developed such an eclectic range of interests.

"I don't know. One evolves through life, right? I have an entrenched interest in sports because I grew up in such a milieu. I grew up virtually on the Princeton campus. My father is an M.D. and was for many years the U.S. Olympics' team physician. When I was a little kid I would hang around with him. I would be in the gym or on a football field. In the summertime, I went off to a Vermont canoe-trip camp. It had a program of sports and environmental studies and emphasized canoe trips all over the place.

"I'm still interested in sports and the outdoors. I love to participate, but I'm a lousy spectator. I don't even watch many of my friend Bill Bradley's games. I saw the Super Bowl game this year, and that's one of the only pro games I've watched in ten years. Winning, competition—to me they're just anathema, simple foolishness. The whole set of thoughts ascribed to Vince Lombardi about winning are a shame. If you put two people on a tennis court and each desperately thinks he has to win, you're in trouble. Somebody has to lose. Then 50 per cent of the people are unhappy and that's no way to organize anything."

McPhee makes clear, for example, that winning and competition were not the focus of his classic, *Levels of the Game*, about a single tennis match between Arthur Ashe and Clark Graebner. "It wasn't a bad match. It was a

good solid tennis match. The whole point is that it was not extraordinary. My interest is so far from that." Rather, McPhee had been looking for a way to write a profile about two people whose careers overlapped, so that in describing their relationship a point of view would emerge that might not if each one had been done separately. He came on the idea of two tennis players while watching a semifinals match at Forest Hills between Ashe and Graebner on television. After it was over, McPhee got a tape of the match and memorized "every shot, every stroke." Then he took it around to all of those who had been closely involved—tournament officials, friends and family—and replayed the film for each of them. When it came to Ashe and Graebner themselves, both players found watching the match again so intense that McPhee had to play the tape one set at a time. From all the interviews emerged *Levels of the Game*.

Before we hung up, I asked McPhee a question that I knew was bound to rankle him, but nonetheless seemed important. Does he believe that fiction is a higher form of writing than journalism?

"The idea that fiction is a higher form just irritates me, just as it irritates me to read Tom Wolfe proclaiming that the novel is dead. It's silly. In my case I'm interested in what I'm doing. You just get absorbed in something and develop it. I often think that someday, as a result of various things, the desire to write fiction might come along, but there's zero there now. The point is that good work, artistic work, is where you find it."

I met McPhee for the last time on a snowy afternoon in Princeton. I had come to observe him in another activity he cares about: playing games. When I knocked on the door of his office on Nassau Street in the center of town, he was typing on an old Underwood

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"Prospectus for a New Party"
in *THE PROGRESSIVE*

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in *THE PROGRESSIVE*

"We are confronted by a lunatic process which propels itself, like a machine gone mad. The atom bomb of 1945 encourages a win syndrome in which the bomb is to create a *Pax Americana*; the nuclear win syndrome gathers a massive constituency, in finance, business, the Pentagon, science, government, even labor; that constituency is compelled to overwhelm its opponents by concocting a synthetic anti-communism; anti-communism offers the pretext for more armaments and for the 'mad momentum' in technology; technology spreads the illusion of power, and the illusion reinforces the win syndrome, so that the cycle continues on its own . . .

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Marcus Raskin
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manual (he uses a typewriter at all stages of a piece). We lingered only briefly there and then left for the Princeton gym. McPhee alternates squash, racketball, tennis and basketball, and one of his most frequent partners is Pete Carrill, the coach of the Princeton varsity basketball

team. That relationship is a source of pride to McPhee, and he delights in affectionately referring to Carrill as "my friend the basketball coach."

Some months earlier, Roger Straus, president of Farrar Straus & Giroux, jokingly told me that McPhee had lived so long in Princeton he virtually

ran the town. Sure enough, along the route to the gym, McPhee was stopped repeatedly by people he knew. He seemed to relish the genial, small-town camaraderie and at one point, he was so folksy it almost seemed like self-parody. "Watchya up to, Johnnee?" a janitor at the gym asked him. "Still pushin' words," McPhee replied.

The game McPhee and I had agreed on was racketball. I'd never played it, but McPhee said my background in tennis would make it easy to pick up. After a tour of the huge varsity gym, we descended to a basement row of enclosed courts and crawled into a small four-wall cubicle. McPhee took a few minutes to explain the game and get me accustomed to it. I did well on the simple shots, but on the more difficult ones I consistently came up short.

The first few games seemed taut and well-played, although McPhee won them handily. Each time he had a putaway, he made it easily, using a soft touch like a drop shot in tennis. It was only after four or five games that I realized McPhee had been regularly changing the score in my favor. At first, I was tempted to say something—but what? I wasn't even sure he knew consciously that he'd been doing it. Later, quietly frustrated by my limited abilities, McPhee began to invent new rules, all designed to help me and make for a better match. The ball no longer had to be hit above a certain line or could bounce an extra time off the wall before being hit. He even tried moving from a doubles court to a singles court, writing and rewriting the rules to better fit my strengths.

At one point, a ball flew out of the court and we went off to look for it. When it wasn't immediately visible, I was ready to let it go. But McPhee was relentless, looking in every crevice, muttering to himself until he found it. He was equally relentless on the court. Long after I'd begun to wilt,

he was determined to get a thorough workout. Every game was played at top concentration, and though McPhee looked for ways to make them closer, he never let up. When we finally stepped off the court, we had played some 20 games and none of them had been close. McPhee didn't mention the games once they were over, however, and we talked aimlessly while we showered and dressed.

It was turning dark when we returned to McPhee's office. He sat down behind his desk and I folded myself into an old comfortable chair. The office had three rooms, and from his desk in the main one, McPhee can turn to his right and look out over the Princeton campus. To his left, in the back, there was a second room that contained a fully made-up bed. McPhee said he doesn't sleep there, but he could. A few feet in front of his desk was a small kitchen. On the bulletin board that surrounds his work area, there were cut-up notes from the piece he was writing on Alaska, and on a table alongside the desk were marked-up maps of the state. (He has written two pieces on Alaska, though neither has been published yet, and at this writing he had just returned from researching two more.) The art on the walls consisted of shots from *Life* magazine, and scattered pictures of his wife and children. The only signs of McPhee's previous work were a few copies of each of his books on a shelf above his desk, and in a cabinet near the bedroom.

I hadn't assumed things would go on this long and was beginning to feel I'd overstepped my boundaries. We talked about McPhee's children, about Alaska and about Princeton. When I finally rose to leave, I felt a bit sad, and I sensed that he did, too. I wasn't sure, though, whether he was sad at my leaving, or because once I was gone, there would once again be nothing but time between John McPhee and his typewriter. ■

PIECES OF THE FRAME

In the fall, Farrar, Straus & Giroux will publish a *John McPhee Reader*, edited by William Howarth. Included will be selections, approved by McPhee, from each of his Farrar, Straus books. They are:

- *A Sense of Where You Are*: The story of Bill Bradley as a 20-year-old college basketball player extraordinaire; a young man good at being perfect. (1965)
- *The Headmaster*: a profile of Frank L. Boyden, the fiercely individual headmaster of Deerfield Academy, a prep school. (1966)
- *Oranges*: The history, botany, industry and complexity of oranges unpeeled. (1967)
- *The Pine Barrens*: An homage to the people and the geography in a vast, sandy and remote area of McPhee's native New Jersey.
- *A Roomful of Hovings*: A collection of profiles including Euell Gibbons, a forager; Temple Fielding, the travel writer; Thomas Hoving, the art historian; and Robert Twynam, keeper of the grass at Wimbledon. (1968)
- *Levels of the Game*: The anatomy of a single tennis match between—and contrapuntally the lives of—Arthur Ashe and Clark Graebner. (1969)
- *The Crofter and the Laird*: McPhee searching after his past on a small Scottish island, as seen through a small farmer (the Crofter) and the island's wealthy proprietor (the Laird). (1970)
- *Encounters with the Archdruid*—How a militant conservationist, David Brower, takes on three of his natural foes: a resort developer, a mineral engineer and a dam builder. (1971)
- *The Deltoid Pumpkin Seed*: The story of a group of disparate men drawn together by their passionate devotion to building a pumpkin-shaped, wingless flying machine. (1973)
- *The Curve of Binding Energy*: A profile of Theodore B. Taylor, nuclear scientist, theoretical physicist, a conceptual designer of the atomic bomb—and today a passionate advocate of nuclear safety. (1974)
- *Pieces of the Frame*: A collection of essays, including "Ruidioso," the story of the world's richest horse race, held at Ruidioso Downs; and "Centre Court," a description of the Wimbledon tournament, but not the matches themselves. (1975)
- *Survival of the Bark Canoe*: A portrait of Henry Vaillancourt, one of the last remaining builders of bark canoes. How bark canoes are made, Vaillancourt's passion for them and a canoe trip he takes with McPhee. (1975)
- *Wimbeldon*: published by Viking with photographs by Alfred Eisenstadt, includes two McPhee essays published in other collections. It is now out of print.

BRING BACK WHISKEY, TURKEYS AND LOOT

The Freebie System Taught Humility, But The New Morality Clouds Reporters' Perceptions

'Forget about two sources. In those days, we never had one.'

BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN When the world turns on its television sets this summer to watch the conventions, the world will be told that the bad manners, the impudence, the snide assumption of bad faith and the sententious pushiness of the media arises from the natural adversary relationship between newsmen and pols. But an adversary relationship doesn't mean much unless the contending parties are roughly equal in power—which certainly isn't the case with the newsmen and the pols. The pols are required to give the newsmen copies of their tax returns, a complete statement of their health attested to by three internists, and be ready to confess every secret kinkiness in their sex lives. In return, the newsmen are required to pass judgment.

This decided imbalance between adversaries can be traced back to the rise of journalistic ethics and the fall of the freebie. What was once a delightfully venal occupation has become an ethically impeccable profession. The *only* ethically impeccable profession. Doctors, lawyers, teachers and tax accountants have professional ethics but, as we know from the media, they seldom live up to the canons of their calling. Only journalists do. When was the last time you saw a story exposing a reporter?

We weren't always so wonderful. Back in Hildy Johnson's time, back in the heyday of the freebie, we were crooked and inaccurate but rather more loved than now. People could stand us because men like Hildy kept their finer impulses in check. The desire to serve greater goods and higher values was moderated by fear of ridicule and subordinated by an honorable appetite for fun and money. Ah, in those freebie-filled days, far from having two sources for every fact, half the time we never had one. It's odd, though, that when the media stopped making up its facts people started believing everything they printed was lies. Hildy's lies were inherently more believable than Woodstein's truths because Hildy was corrupt, and a corrupt man is part of the race of humans he writes about. Honesty has destroyed journalism's perceptions.

The modern day newsmen's present condition of disembodied detachment is owing to the elimination of the freebie. There was a time when reporters could gain professional distinction through their ability to cadge freebies. Newsmen used to sit around bars, preferably with a p.r. person or a politician picking up the tab, bragging to each other of the number and the quality of their freebies. The freebie was a grand institution that everybody connected with the business could partake of. Newspaper publishers would get low tax assessments and immunity from traffic laws

Nicholas von Hoffman is a syndicated columnist whose most recent book (with G. B. Trudeau) is Tales From the Margaret Mead Taproom (Sheed and Ward).



"We were crooked but rather more loved than now."

for their delivery trucks; editors and executives would get free trips to Europe whenever an airline would inaugurate a new service and reporters would get their parking tickets fixed. They'd get booze, and free samples, discounts and complimentary everything. At Christmastime the corridors to the editorial offices of every self-respecting news organization were so crowded with cases of whiskey, smoked turkeys and loot from five hundred specialty stores you had to inch your way in sideways. The management was forever having to put up notices on the bulletin board pleading with the help to take their boodle home promptly.

The freebie system taught humility; it made newsmen remember they were as dependent on the rest of the world as the most energetic and obscure alderman out hustling bribes in return for zoning variances. Freebies also gave the public a feeling its members had access to the media. In those days you didn't have to convince a censorious, suspicious reporter that you were a virtuous altruist and therefore your story merited airplay. A bribe would suffice. It was left to others to decide the goodness of your cause.

Today's freebie-free newsmen sits in judgment uninfluenced by material things. That explains why newsmen are so unpopular. The

muck and ruck of humanity doesn't trust persons whose standards are so elevated. A man who isn't after my money is after my soul, and that's ever so much more threatening. With the onset of the expense account and the consequent liberation from the need to extend one's palm, newsies have been set free to indulge in their most characteristic activity—sniffing out and pouncing on conflicts of interest.

Now, a degree of that sort of thing has its place. The public enjoys a bribery trial, better yet one at which a big-boobed blonde strumpet reveals that she got Congress to pass a tax loophole for the worm bait industries in return for her favors. In addition to their undeniable value as entertainment, these trials serve the function of mowing the lawn or trimming the hedge. Occasional public fustigation makes sure the fellas don't get completely out of hand. But our modern media Eumenides have taken the thing long past gardening.

They're stripmining for conflict of interest. Gads, at the rate they're scooping up immorality, hypocrisy and dishonesty, we may not have enough to last us to the end of the century. No testimony, no public statement is taken seriously today if it can be shown the speaker has any personal interest, no matter how remote, in the outcome of the issue. No argument is judged on its substance but only on the presumed motives of the debaters, a situation which, if carried on long enough, will take us into a strange time of little sin but less sense.

If journalism is ready for the rule of the just, some of the rest of the population would as soon the wicked hung around a little while yet. Dishonesty and its twin companion, hypocrisy, are the lubricants of the social machines, and, as such, valuable resources to be used with care and not stripmined and destroyed. Unfortunately, he who rises to speak a few simple words on behalf of old-fashioned dishonesty invites the scorn and investigatory zeal of 10,000 angered newsies, a prospect that would intimidate the most dedicated, sincere and unselfish crook. Not even entrenched old timers like Mayor Daley, who is given somewhat more latitude on account of his age, dare to speak well of such socially useful practices as the kick-back, the rake-off or the rigged bid. The populace seethes in intimidated irritation,

unable to effectively verbalize its resentment that newsies live on a different planet.

Instead of being shamed by the accusation that the paparazzi as a profession are too good for this world, journalists, as they prefer to style themselves, glory in it. The archetypal, model paparazzo or paparaza of pen or camera is a disembodied spirit, unencumbered by any obligation, commercial or sentimental, except to Truth. This ideal professional is a monk, or a nun as the case may be, but one who carries his monastery walls with him as though he could pad about *in* this world but not *of* it. His point of view is that of someone on a space platform so situated that he can see everyone and have reciprocal relations with none.

And what has all this availed the newsies? Having purged their souls by paying for their own drinks, are they putting out a better, or even different, product? Hardly. The same plugs, the same biases, the same building up of the same public figures, the same tearing down of the same other public figures. The newsie is the only fellow in the entire history of Christo-Judeo claptrap to lose both his soul *and* his mess of pottage.

Poor newsies. Scorned by the public for the virtues, they don't understand they're the victims of their own reforms. The costs of the freebies they've forsaken now flow directly into the advertising department, bypassing them, for they can't get it through their heads that reform is seldom progress, but rather a redistribution of the pattern of payments in favor of the bosses at the expense of the salaried employees. Dear Father in Heaven, a sense of mine own goodness is reward enough.

The newsies' success has been so spectacular that the Club of Rome and other futurist organizations are predicting a worldwide shortage of crime and rascality within five years. Gigantic multi-media, multi-national corporations are exposing dishonesty at a far faster rate than it can be replaced. The criminal elements—those few we have left—are suggesting what's called reverse mugging. When you see a reporter coming down the street, mug him, drag him into an alley, stuff his pockets with money, send booze and baskets of fruit to his house, assault his virtue with naked Hollywood starlets and Capitol Hill secretaries. Make him accept that freebie at gunpoint. ■

HELLBOX

A FROGGY DAY IN MOTOR TOWN

Front-Page Freak Of Nature Titillates Toad Fanciers

Detroit News reporter Douglas Ilka thought he was on to a good story last April 16 when Vince Sadzinski of Warren, Mich., called the *News* to say that he had found an amphibian freak in his backyard. Siamese twin toads, he said.

Ilka called University of Detroit biology professor

Paulinus F. Forsthoelfel to find out if Siamese twin toads were possible. Forsthoelfel said he had heard of Siamese twin frogs, "but this is the first time I have heard of twin toads." He added that the birth of Siamese twin toads was a one-in-a-million chance.

But here was a man in War-

ren who said that he had captured this one-in-a-million oddity in his swimming pool. So Ilka wrote the story from the telephone interviews, and metro editor Joe Wolff sent a photographer to take pictures of Sadzinski and his twins.

News editor Craig Elliot read Ilka's story and put the toads on the front page of the 640,000-circulation newspaper on April 19. "Now, It's Siamese Twin Toads," proclaimed the headline on the article, which contained such useful details from Sadzinski as "the large toad measures three inches long by two inches wide while the little one on top is about the size of a silver dollar" and "the little toad's front legs grow into the top of the front legs on the larger toad." Also included was a

large picture of Sadzinski holding his "joined toads."

After the paper hit the streets, biology teachers from all over Detroit were calling the *News*. They tried to put it as delicately as they could, but the message was clear: those toads on the front page weren't Siamese twins, they were mating. Sadzinski also called the paper—to say that the toads, which he had put in a bucket, had parted company.

On April 20, the *News* ran another toad story on the front page, explaining to their readers that "those Siamese twins in Warren, it turns out, were merely a harbinger of spring."

"Looks like I'm never going to live this story down," says metro editor Wolff.

—DEIRDRE WHITESIDE

7 THINGS FOR EVERY WRITER TO THINK ABOUT

1. For 90% of all writers, writing is slow, tedious, agonizingly difficult work. The other 10% are no doubt lying.
2. If you would learn good writing, read good writing.
3. It has been said that Sherwood Anderson, in his freshman year at Harvard, got a D in English 101.
4. If nothing else works, try writing as soon as you wake up in the morning. You may discover that some of your best work is done when you're semiconscious, but don't let it bother you.
5. Chances are the word you're looking for, the word you need to impart precisely the shade of meaning you intend, does not exist. At least not in English.
6. Your typewriter keys won't fill up with that gunky black lint if you use a nylon ribbon.
7. It takes more than a little talent and a lot of hard work to succeed at writing. It takes know-how. There are two ways to acquire know-how: (a) the slow, dumb, expensive way, and (b) the fast, smart economical way. (b) is better.

The slow, dumb, expensive way to get know-how is to slog through that swamp out there all by yourself. Some would-be writers seem to prefer that method, perhaps to provide themselves with plenty to complain about and plenty of excuses not to succeed.

But if you're serious about writing; if you'd like a short-cut that can save you weeks, months or even years of trial and error; if you want to know your way around the world that needs good writing and pays good money for it, you'll appreciate the fast, smart, economical way. It is called *Writer's Digest*.

Whatever the kind of writing you do (or are determined to do), *Writer's Digest* will give you the know-how you need to help you realize your potential.

It tells you, for example, who's buying what and how much they're paying. How to break into print. How to approach and deal with an editor. How to handle an interview. How to outline an article or plan a story. How to cut your manuscript. How to submit it to an editor and be sure it gets read.

How to fight your way through the inevitable writer's blocks. How to find an agent. How to get rid of one. How the most successful writers succeed. What to charge for your work. How to keep more of what you earn.

Writer's Digest tells you how to get started, how to keep your career moving forward, how to make the most of success. It tells you just about everything you need to know to capitalize on your ability. And it tells you all this with wit, humor, imagination, style, flair and a positively uncanny sense of what kind of practical advice and counsel writers need. You don't need to slog in a swamp any longer. Instead, you can subscribe to *Writer's Digest*. Today.



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ADVERTISING

THE SOFT-CORE HARD-SELL

The Unbuttoned Blouse Ploy And Other Coy Techniques

'Sex and sensualism' on Madison Avenue.

BY RON ROSENBAUM

Her name is Bond Gideon, she's a Salem lady and her shirt is unbuttoned to her navel. At least. It's hard to tell how far down it's unbuttoned in the full-page portraits of Bond Gideon Salem will run 36 times this year. It's hard to tell because when one's gaze is lured down the "V of flesh" exposed by the unbuttoning, and reaches just that point where the shadowed outline of cleavage deepens into evocative twilight, right *there* where the eye of the curious might strain most intently to discover the extent of the exposure, the Salem people have interposed the bright, white letters of the word "SMOKE." It forms a teasing typeface latticework veil—concealing yet enticing, imbuing the word SMOKE with sensual mystery, transforming it from a mere verb in a copy line into an erotic imperative.

But wait: a disclaimer. Lest you think an overly fevered imagination is at work here, and I am reading too much calculation into the design of the ad, the "V of flesh" is not my phrase. It's Pat Fanelli's phrase, and Pat Fanelli is the art director who designed the whole Salem campaign. Listen as he explains the skin's function in the ad: "One way the ad works is that with her shirt open like that your eye travels

down that 'V of flesh,' which is like an arrow, to the headline of the ad. Then your eyes travel down a bit and dwell in that area down there where the shadows make the body of the copy stand out, then around and up to where the cigarette is outlined against the grass." However, Fanelli defends the unbuttoning against any narrow, salacious interpretation. "It didn't start out as a sex gimmick," he told me. "If it's become that on the page, then you're missing the philosophy of the ad."

It's this philosophy, Fanelli maintains, that accounts for the unbuttoning. "The philosophy is, these are real people, they are today, they are self-confident. . . . When we did the shooting we were looking for a special relaxed and restful attitude. . . . For this lady it came across she felt that way with her top two buttons open. She likes her chest. I liked it, too. . . ."

The people in the R.J. Reynolds tobacco company liked it, too, although there was apparently some discussion down in their Winston-Salem, N.C., headquarters, over whether they liked that *much* of it to appear in full-page ads. When I asked a company spokesman if there had been any controversy over the ad, he called me back to say, "I found an answer that was surprising to me. . . . They did notice it. We have several levels of control here that must

approve anything like that and they did. We're not going to approve anything that's not in good taste." Although he insisted that "we don't see this as a trend toward permissiveness," he conceded that, "20 years ago we wouldn't have done it. We couldn't have done it."

They're not the only people doing it, of course. Since the Bond Gideon ad alerted me, I have come across two other instances of the unbuttoned blouse ploy. The Tequila Sauza woman coyly employs a Sauza bottle nestled between her breasts to conceal the extent of her unbuttoning. "Who knows where it will all lead?" reads the disingenuous copy line that accompanies the image.

The Imperial Whiskey lady is posed in a way that reveals less, but implies even more, than the Salem and Sauza ads. Although her portrait is cropped above her cleavage, the way her shirt hangs open at the top suggests that none of her buttons are buttoned, and the impish look in her eye seems to confirm the surmise.

Then there is implicit nudity ploy. The Benson and Hedges woman wraps herself in a pink towel while she reaches to remove her bikini top and bottom from her clothes line.

One Seagram's Seven ad features a totally nude man drinking and frolicking with a casually dressed woman. Of course he's curled up bathing in a quaint tub; the ad isn't interesting for the amount of skin it shows but for the implied intimate relationship between the couple—something frowned upon in liquor advertising.

Who indeed knows where it will all lead? Toward more sophistication, for one thing. The unbuttoned blouse ploy is only one of the cruder examples of a style that might be called the soft-core hard sell. (Paul Krassner used to reproduce unintentionally suggestive ads in *The Realist* under the heading "Soft-Core Pornography of the Month."

The soft-core hard sell is both more subtle and more open about its intentions.) Of course, there is sexuality in TV advertising—more of it all the time—but the vanguard of the genre is found in liquor and tobacco ads, geared as they are to the consenting adults who buy magazines. Liquor ads in particular have had to come a long way fast, bound as they were for so long by puritanical industry codes.

Until 1958, the Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S. (DISCUS) Code of Good Practice prohibited even the appearance of *any* women in any hard liquor ad. After 1958, women were permitted to appear but not allowed to hold a drink in their hands. By the mid-60s, they could hold a drink—but only if they were fully dressed.

The current DISCUS Code of Good Practice still demands that, "No advertisement shall depict a woman in provocative dress or situation." But obviously certain parties have been flouting this rule because an addendum to the DISCUS Code, adopted September 9, 1975, includes a long, detailed "Interpretation" of this rule. According to the addendum, "Recent isolated advertisements do not appear to be upholding the standards followed by the industry in the past regarding sex, sensualism, and suggestiveness. . . . The Council has always felt that advertisements should not include copy or illustrations which are sexually titillating or which imply a link between drinking and sexual success or . . . suggest sexual involvement between those portrayed."

Which then are the juicy ads that brought on this reproof? I have a few in mind. If I'm right you won't be seeing them again. The most subtly and skillfully suggestive ads I've seen in print, they were part of a series of Smirnoff Vodka ads that appeared in the summer of 1975, before the DISCUS warning. They were short lived summer variations on a long running Smirnoff campaign

Ron Rosenbaum is executive editor of MORE.

featuring young couples enjoying Vodka drinks together.

The sophistication of these ads lies not just in the amount of skin they show—many drink ads show more now—but in the interaction between the man and the woman drinking. They are not merely holding glasses, they are getting high together. They look as if they're well into their second "White Elephant" or whatever, we see them breaking up into tipsy laughter or smiling at some shared intimacy.

Most daring of all is the touching the Smirnoff couples engage in: a hand squeezes a thigh in one ad, arms and thighs entwine. It's clear the couples are lovers, there's a sense we are witness to a mo-

ment of growing intoxication that is sexual as well as alcoholic. In the hot and hazy summer setting there's a sense of erotic tension as if with every sip and giggle the Smirnoff couple is more likely to abandon their drinks and abandon themselves to temptation.

Was Smirnoff, which still boasts that "It leaves you breathless," trying to leave you breathing heavily? Powerful stuff. No wonder the DISCUS Code is concerned about the suggestion of "sexual involvement between those portrayed."

Since the Sept. 9, 1975 warning against "sex, sensualism and suggestiveness," the Smirnoff ads have become noticeably more demure. Seldom are

there couples any more. Instead we have *trios* of what appear to be hearty, good friends playing croquet; bathing suits have been replaced by long summery dresses. People aren't touching each other any more. A spokesman for the Smirnoff brand told me that the campaign was merely designed to show "everyday people doing everyday things." He told me Smirnoff had pioneered the use of women in liquor ads with their campaign featuring Julie London and Julie Newmar back in the early 60s, but that the current series of ads "is not meant to be seductive. . . . Now you look at Wolfschmidt's," he added, "that's one I call seductive—that's a couple scene far beyond anything

we've done." There seems to be quite a bit of finger-pointing in the liquor industry these days. The man at Heublein I spoke to said, "Don't look at us, take a look at that Cherry Kijafa ad." (The Kijafa ad—"Put a little cherry in your life"—and one Wolfschmidt ad—much cleavage and some frontal bathing-suited body contact—lack the seductive subtleties of the short lived Smirnoff School.)

Tobacco companies tend not to push the *seductive* aura of their product—after all, how many people get carried away and into bed by a heavy session of mutual Benson and Hedges smoking? Instead, tobacco people push the sexual self-confidence associated with smoking. There is the frank

Body Language Triangles

"Your eyes travel down that V of flesh which is like an arrow pointing . . ."



We all smoke for enjoyment. Remember?

Salem Longs never let me forget They've got the good tobacco taste and menthol I enjoy. That's all I have to remember to enjoy smoking.

Salem Longs.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Hints of "Sexual Involvement"

Note the underhanded squeeze. You may never see this ad again.



The White Elephant
(Smirnoff, white creme de cacao, milk)

This drink is aptly named. We couldn't discuss it among ourselves without arguing. Otherwise, we'd have told you about it ages ago.

We agreed on the Smirnoff. We agreed on the creme de cacao. But was a White Elephant made with milk? About that, we couldn't agree.

So, we tested the drink both ways. The milk version won hands down. "Delicious," tasters told us. "You hardly know you're drinking liquor!"

"That's why we opposed putting milk in the drink in the first place!" said the people who had opposed milk in the first place. "It goes down too easy."

That's a problem we hadn't faced before. This drink has 1 oz. of liquor in it and if you don't notice it at first, you are sure to feel it later. So, hopefully you'll treat it (and yourself) with respect.

To make a White Elephant: Pour 1 oz. Smirnoff, 1 oz. white creme de cacao and 1 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless*

openness of the MAX lady who says, "Hello, long lean and delicious." There are the free spirits with open blouses and open shirts (the Salem Long campaign features several open-shirted men in much the same pose as Bond Gideon.)

But certain brands have been running into trouble with their attempts to establish a sexual identity. Take the unhappy histories of the Camel Filters' Man and The Turk. The Turk is the new spokes-symbol for Camel Filters. The Turk is the second attempt by this brand to come up with a satisfactory masculinity symbol, attempts no doubt inspired by the continuing success of the Marlboro Man.

The first attempt, a cam-

paign with the theme "Can You Spot the Camel Filters' Man?" was remarkable for its use of hostile sexual caricatures. The Camel Filters' Man was always pictured amidst a crowd of weird and grotesque people—a groupie-type Loose Woman, a gargoyle-like gay male wearing hot pants, an effete glandularly deficient hippie male—an assemblage calculated to make the straight, no-nonsense, sport-jacketed masculinity of the Camel Filters' Man more outstanding by contrast. Evidently not outstanding enough, because the Camel Filters' Man has been consigned to the dust heap of advertising history (was it bad taste or bad sales that killed him off?) to be replaced by

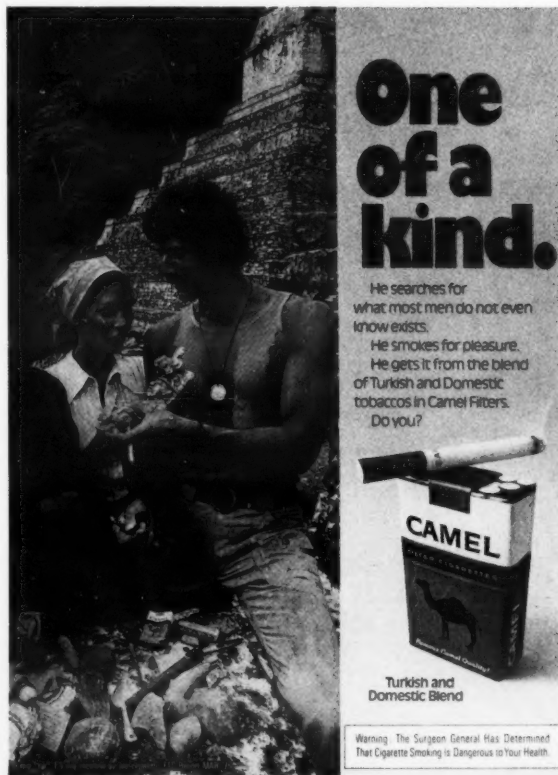
The Turk. A more exotic version of masculinity than the Camel Filters' Man—he looks like a younger, taller Omar Sharif—The Turk is frequently pictured in a scene with a smaller, paler, plainer young couple. In one such ad, The Turk is standing astride his motorcycle next to a pick-up truck loaded with bushels of apples. The woman at the wheel of the truck is giving The Turk an apple and an approving glance, while her meek, domesticated husband looks on helplessly from among the bushels in the back of the truck. In another one in this series, The Turk is in a sweat-stained Brando-type undershirt standing astride a rock next to an archeological site. Another smaller, paler couple is present again, the woman gazing worshipfully at

some icon The Turk appears to have unearthed, the man gazing enviously at The Turk himself. Perhaps the juxtapositions of The Turk and these couples are also intended to symbolize the fusion of potent and mild qualities in Camel's "Turkish and Domestic Blend" of tobaccos. But if the intent is to suggest some subtle erotic tension between The Turk and the domestic couple—well, the Camel Filters people are clumsy at it by comparison with the Smirnoff people.

The most powerful pushers of the pornography of self-confidence are the Winston and Salem series. You've seen the Winston people—so fiercely, grimly, self-confident they almost bristle off the page. Few buttons are unbuttoned.

The New Old Fashioned Male

A different kind of triangle is suggested here. But is the Turk a relic of an older, cruder style?



One of a kind.

He searches for what most men do not even know exists.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?

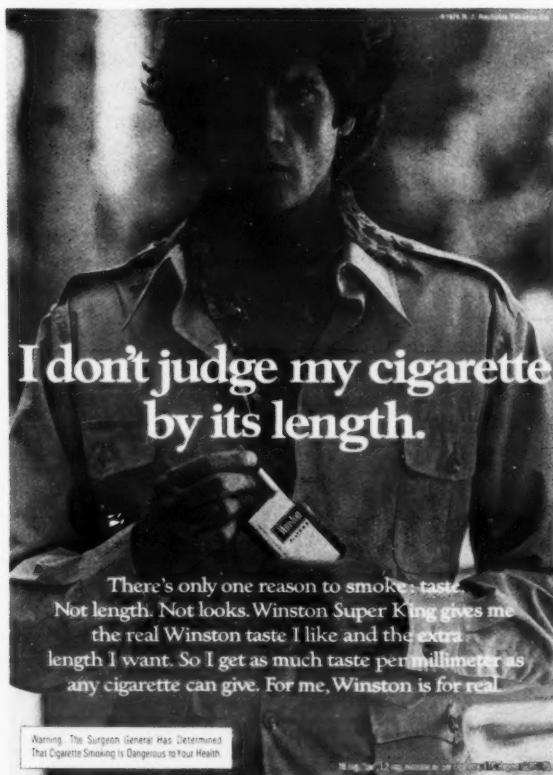
CAMEL

Turkish and Domestic Blend

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Pornographic Self Confidence

A tough minded Masters and Johnson outlook . . . Grim self-absorbed solemnity.



I don't judge my cigarette by its length.

There's only one reason to smoke: taste. Not length. Not looks. Winston Super King gives me the real Winston taste I like and the extra length I want. So I get as much taste per millimeter as any cigarette can give. For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

In fact, the Winston series seems to prefer its people buttoned up tightly in layers of sweaters and suede. No seductiveness here: they glare out of the page as if to say, "Don't fuck with me." They are not sex objects, but object lessons in sexual self-confidence. Many of the copy lines seem to boast of their sexual worldliness: "Winston Wasn't My First Cigarette," says one non-nonsense Jane Fonda look-alike. "I learned about smoking by trying different cigarettes. When your taste grows up Winston is for Real." Other copy lines suggest a tough-minded Masters and Johnson outlook: "I don't judge my cigarette by its length," declares a deadly serious safari-jacketed Winston male.

Still, there's something forced about the self-absorbed solemnity of the Winston people. The relaxed, but alert, Salem people radiate what seems to be a more believable self-confidence. It's not overtly sexual, but it suggests a more healthy sensuality than the discipline-minded mien of the Winston models. The Salem people are doing something very interesting. They're not trying to associate their cigarette with a sex object, a material object, or even with the outdoor nature objects that many brands use to confer the spirit of health upon the image of tobacco smoking. Instead they're selling something immaterial but more valuable—inner well-being, *spiritual* health.

Pat Fanelli's office at the William Esty Agency is lined with portraits of Salem people. There's "Chuck," the silver-haired, open-shirted Californian whose portrait gets run far more frequently—168 times this year—than Bond Gideon and all the others combined. There are also ethnic Salem people, inner city Salem people, cold weather Salem people—all in the same cross-legged affable pose. "That pose is very important," Fanelli told me. "Notice how it's all based on triangles—

there's a lot of use of body language for subliminal communication there."

While a public relations man monitored our conversation, Fanelli went on enthusiastically about how he selected his Salem people. "I start with a hundred people and I'll do personal interviews with each of them. I play back the interviews to get a feel of who they are. When I narrowed it down to about 22 we went out to L.A.—these were actually shot in a park outside of Pasadena, I think it was—we took 18-20,000 shots altogether. I tell them all to show up for the shooting with some changes of clothes, but whatever is most comfortable for them, whatever makes them feel most like who they are. Then we talk. We'll talk about who they are, how they *feel*, what they're smoking for, how they feel about smoking... kind of therapy. You could say that, I guess... Now with Bond Gideon we talked about how she's a smart lady, a confident lady, not a model but a real person or at least a theatrical actress..."

"We actually get a lot of fan letters from Salem Smokers," the agency p.r. man interposed. "Thanking us for using people instead of model types, saying they're proud these kind of people are representing Salem smokers... It's kind of honest advertising. A majority of these copy lines come from the mouths of Salem smokers themselves."

"How did you select Bond and Chuck from the 20,000 shots?" I asked Fanelli.

"Well we took the best shots from about 22 models back to New York and put them on a videotape to show to the folks back here, and we were showing the reel and for a while it's silent. Suddenly someone like Bond Gideon flashes on and everybody in the room says, 'Oooh, yes. That's it.'"

"It's like meeting somebody for a date in a pub and you fall in love," the agency p.r. man says. "Everybody falls in love. It's that honest and sincere." ■

ADVERTISING

THE TV JUNKIE GENERATION

Hooked On Glamour Medium, Madison Avenue Slights Print

Can Newsweek cool video fever?

BY BOB DONATH

Newsweek is spending \$1.4 million this year for a curious advertising campaign that attempts, among other things, to convince companies to buy ad space in *Time*. Huge boldface headlines in the *Newsweek* ads—"Hotter than Kotter," "Sunnier than Cher," "Beats Bunker," etc.—claim that by taking ads in both *Time* and *Newsweek*, advertisers will get a better buy for their money than they will by spending their dollars on television alone. Only the newsweeklies, says *Newsweek*, can deliver more of the high-quality consumers that Madison Avenue seeks than the top-rated television programs can. And they can do so at a better price.

Impressive claims, to be sure, and one would think that savvy admen and women would find the *Newsweek* case so sensible, so irresistible, that they will straightaway transfer some spending to print.

Not a chance.

Madison Avenue's elite are TV junkies. The big-spending agencies and their biggest clients are as irretrievably hooked on the sitcoms, cop thrillers and soapers as are the "heavy viewers"—that strange breed that spends enough time in front of the set to boost the national average viewing time to four hours a day. Large advertisers, typical-

ly those selling items you'd find in the supermarket (what the trade calls "packaged goods"), are convinced they cannot survive without commercial television. Maybe they are right, but along the way, they and their agencies have always given magazines second-class status. The print medium has been locked in a 25-year battle against the tube.

It has been mostly a losing battle. Each year, publishers watch their share of national advertising revenues dwindle slightly, even as total dollar ad revenue gains in most years. Last year, for example, magazines suffered a 3 per cent revenue loss because of the recession. TV gained 10 per cent, and advertising in all media managed a 6 per cent increase. Magazines attracted about \$1.3 billion in advertising while networks and TV stations received about 3.5 times that. So far this year, magazines are enjoying a revenue increase almost as large as television's. But that situation won't last through 1976 because fall TV time (which advertisers buy in early spring) is already 30 per cent more expensive than last fall. It's not likely that the average magazine will come near that figure.

Print partisans have long accused the agencies of favoring TV because agency billing procedures allow them to make more money from a decision to do a TV campaign than an equivalent decision to go with

Bob Donath is a writer with Advertising Age.


print. Reduced to its simplest terms, this sounds logical: agencies bill on a percentage of the cost it takes to produce an ad; TV ads cost more to make and run than print. If agencies relied on commissions alone they could boost their TV placements—and revenues—at no extra cost to them as long as they ran the same commercials.

It's an old and interesting argument, but a suspect one. For one thing, agencies generally supplement the inequitable commission system with fees from clients who often audit agency books to make sure no one is profiteering. And looked at closely, the costs of print and TV campaigns of comparable reach work out to about the same. It would cost about \$250,000 to buy enough 30-second commercial spots on prime-time television to guarantee their being seen by all TV households once, or as is more likely, half the households twice or a third of the households three times. The same size audience could be reached by spending about the same amount of money for color ads in *Better Homes and Gardens*, *Newsweek*, *Reader's Digest*, *Time* and *TV Guide*. As for which approach is most effective, there are arguments on both sides about the impact of print vs. the electronic media. Yet when all is even, the dollars go to television. Why?

It was television that converted advertising, a grey merchant business, into show business. Agency people haven't gotten over the thrill, and bright young talent is lured by advertising's glamour. In fact, it's not uncommon for copywriters and art directors to insist they work only on television campaigns. They would rather not be bothered with the static print page, which often goes to second-rate hands that might write a lousy ad.

Agencies' clients aren't immune either. They too get the itch that's best scratched by

Hotter than Kotter.



When Newsweek can deliver bigger ratings than *Welcome Back, Kotter* can, it's time to question an all-TV schedule.

If you want to reach men 18 to 34, you'll do better with *Welcome Back, Kotter*. It's one of television's most popular new shows. But here's a way to do even better. Work out a print-TV mix that includes Newsweek.

Newsweek delivers ratings comparable to the top TV programs. For example, with men 18 to 34, Newsweek has a rating of 19.4, which puts it ahead of shows like *Welcome Back, Kotter*, *Baretta*, and even *3 Men in a Family*.

You can get the same kind of ratings you expect from TV... and at a lower cost per thousand. In other words, more gross rating points for your money. But what's even more important is the quality audience you're reaching. With Newsweek you reach people who are heavy magazine readers and relatively light TV viewers—the important market now known as "magazine imperatives."

This group includes 45% of all men 18 to 34, 41% of the men with household incomes of over \$30,000 and almost half of all professional managerial men.

Newsweek fights TV addiction: a methodone to their madness?

on-location filming in the Caribbean, Cote D'Azur and the other places that delight junketeers. Even the small clients, whose budgets relegate them to print only, dream of the day when "sales pick up and we can go into TV."

"Just as we've raised a generation of TV baby copywriters, we've raised a generation of TV baby clients," the Benton & Bowles agency creative chief, Alvin Hampel, has told appreciative audiences of magazine people. Still, Hampel's own agency is one of the heaviest users of TV among the giants along Madison Avenue, and won't jilt the tube because its clients demand television. John O'Toole, president of Foote, Cone & Belding, tried to offer more to magazines than just empathy. He pledged in a staff memo last year, "We're going to turn out the best print advertising of any in the world . . . and make life miserable for those

who feel a TV spot is the only form worthy of their talent." The agency's ads may have improved, but since the memo the proportion of client spending that Foote, Cone devotes to magazines hasn't changed markedly.

The deck is stacked against print by the TV junkies in other ways. Take the unequal treatment given to the media research crises suffered by print and TV. The media spend more than \$40 million in a year to count readers and viewers and profile their audiences. Neither medium is above reproach, yet the agencies would dare deliver no more than a slap on the wrist when TV broadcast surveys go awry. When magazine audience studies run into trouble, that medium is bludgeoned.

Last fall, shaken TV and advertising industries could not accept Nielsen's finding that ratings had mysteriously dropped a few percentage

points. In a business where as little as a one per cent change in average annual ratings affect about \$20 million in network advertising, a "few percentage points" is no trifle. Shocked ad folk blamed the warm fall weather, violent programming and anything else they could think of for the loss, until the Nielsen company acknowledged it had made some sampling and procedural errors. The mystery explained, serenity returned to the industry and the problem was quickly forgotten except by a handful of truth seekers.

In the magazine world, a magazine survey went out of business in 1963 when it produced audience numbers different from another survey and when *Look* was accused of seeding free copies in the service's sample neighborhoods. A few years later, another service, also producing aberrant data, caused a fuss of major proportion. Most recently, the leading magazine researcher, W. R. Simmons & Associates, discovered it was missing critical field records the industry demanded for an audit of accuracy. The company said its old management had tossed the records out. Agencies howled about "Watergate without the tapes." The crisis expanded when Simmons produced a set of possibly "funny" numbers that again angered agencies and publishers. Time Inc., eager to defend *Time* against a ratings boost Simmons gave to *Newsweek*, sued, and it looked as if *Time* might muscle the relatively tiny Simmons company out of business with legal fees. *Time* eventually settled—after ad agencies, fearing they'd lost their magazine data, made veiled threats about *Time*'s long-term advertising health.

Magazines' struggle for survival is difficult enough these days without their having to compete in a game where the rules are set by fans of the opposing team. When the final results are in, the epitaph for the losers might well be, "Murdered by Maude." ■

SPORTS

THE HOMER OF HOMERS

Poetry Left Broadcasting When Mel Allen's Voice Was Silenced

'I got complaints from management ...'

BY CLARK WHELTON

I was halfway across the Yankee dining room when I heard his voice cutting through the clutter of cocktail party noises. He was standing at the far end of the room by the bar, hidden by drapings decorated with silk-screened silhouettes of baseball players. But the clear, controlled quality of his voice and the unmistakable semi-southern twang of his accent left no doubt who he was. His was the voice that had broadcast thousands of Yankee games, 25 all-star games, 20 world series, 14 Rose Bowl games, five Orange and two Sugar Bowl games, the voice that had narrated over 2,000 Fox "Movietone" newsreels and short subjects, one of the 25 most recognizable voices in the world, according to *Variety*, the voice of the man who has contributed more to the art of sportscasting than anyone else in the business.

"Hell, everything's different now," Mel Allen was saying to a circle of admirers. "Back in the 1940s and 1950s Gillette was sponsoring the major sporting events all by itself. But now, what are they getting for one minute on the Super Bowl? A hundred fifty thousand dollars? Now Gillette is just one of a whole bunch of sponsors. Like so many other things, that situa-

tion has completely changed."

Mel's situation changed in 1964, the year that he and the Yankees parted company under circumstances that were never completely ex-

plained. He broadcast games in Milwaukee in 1965, and went to Cleveland in 1966, but never regained his spot as the top play-by-play announcer in America. Today he is director of public relations for the Canada Dry Bottling Company.

A man walked up with his son. The kid was carrying a copy of *The Game and the Glory*, Prentice-Hall's new book about the history of major league baseball. The book's publication was one of two reasons for the party at Yankee Stadium that night. The other was the annual Mayor's Trophy Game between the Mets and the Yanks, which would begin in two hours.

"Mel," the man said, "I wanted my boy to meet the

greatest sports announcer of all time." The kid shook hands, then backed off to stare at Mel Allen. You could tell that he wasn't really sure who he was looking at, but it was obvious that Mel Allen was still *somebody*. Tall, well-dressed, with a ruddy complexion and looking a good 15 years younger than his age of 63, Mel Allen still radiated the galvanic presence of the celebrity. Down at the other end of the bar, Bowie Kuhn, commissioner of baseball, was surrounded by his own crescent of admirers. But it was Mel Allen that the people were lining up to look at, patiently waiting for a break in the conversation so they could ask for an autograph. Ted Worner, a p.r. man and former sportswriter who had contributed a piece about Jackie Robinson to *The Game and the Glory*, stuck out his hand.

"Hey, Mel," Worner said. "I saw DiMaggio this morning. He's coming up to the Stadium tomorrow to do another commercial for the Bowery Savings Bank." Worner began to bend Mel's ear about a new baseball promotion he had been working on.

"It's gonna be great, Mel," Worner said. "A 200-inning baseball game down in East Brunswick, New Jersey. We'll have 1,500 kids divided into two teams, playing non-stop day and night."

"Sounds fine, Ted," Mel Allen said.

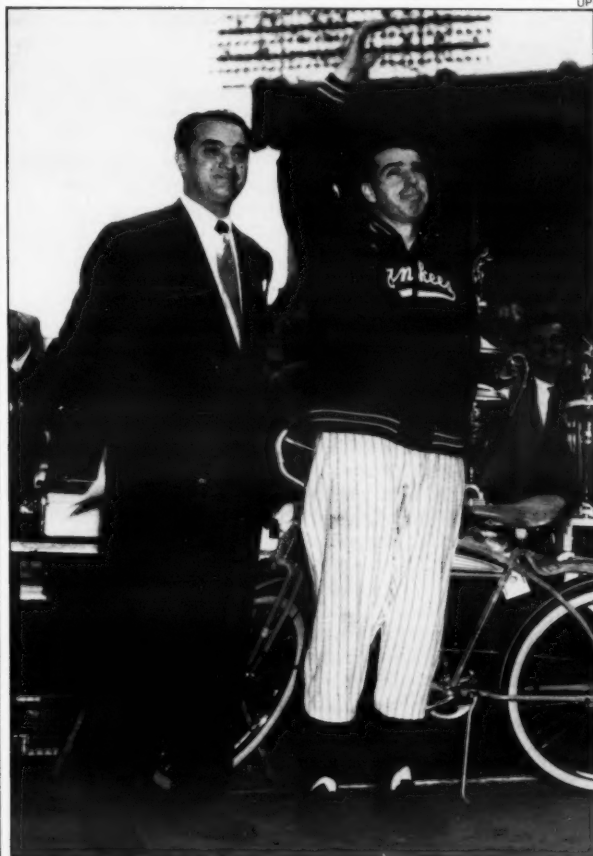
"I mean it, Mel, it's gonna be big. I think President Ford may show up. We're guaranteed a big crowd just with the Secret Service alone."

"I wouldn't count on the President," Mel said. "The New Jersey primary is over."

"He's gonna show, Mel. The President's gonna be there."

"I want to see it in writing," Mel said.

Mel Allen is in steady demand to make public appearances at sporting events, benefits, and promotions all across the country. Sportscasting is now dominated by



October 1, 1949: It's Joe DiMaggio Day at Yankee Stadium, and helping the great slugger celebrate is a proud Mel Allen, master of ceremonies and the team's official broadcaster.

Clark Whelton is writing a novel on CB radio.

ex-jocks with rugged profiles and by oddballs like Howard Cosell, but no one has ever matched Mel Allen's skill and popularity. In 1950, fan appreciation for his talent behind the microphone resulted in "Mel Allen Day" at Yankee Stadium, an unprecedented honor for an announcer. Mel donated the proceeds to set up scholarship funds at Columbia and the University of Alabama, his alma mater.

People came up to the bar to shake hands and ask for autographs. "Look at the way people still want to meet him," Ted Wornor said. "They still remember him, because he was the first play-by-play man to bring *gemutlichkeit* to the game. You know what I mean by that? Warmth. Friendliness. You come back here on Old Timer's Day and you know who gets as big a hand as any of the stars? Mel Allen. He rambles a little bit, but he still has it. Listen to that voice."

I listened. Mel sounded just the same as he did when I tuned in Yankee games as a kid. I was the only Yankee fan in a town of Red Sox fans—a coven of Red Sox fans would be more accurate—and Mel Allen's voice meant victory to me. And honor. And dignity. When Mel was on the air, I never left the radio. When one of his sidekicks—Russ Hodges, Curt Gowdy, Jim Woods or Phil Rizzuto took over—I could wander away without missing anything. I couldn't read in the papers. Mel even made rainouts interesting. He used to put the stopwatch on groundcrews around the league and check how long it took them to cover the infield. And then he'd *talk* about it for 20 minutes until you could see every wrinkle in the rubber tarp over the pitcher's mound. It's difficult to identify the particular quality that made Mel Allen special. I tried to re-produce his stories for this article and it didn't work. It's the way he speaks, as much as the words he uses, that made him famous. He

could always put you in the picture.

I asked Mel how he got from Birmingham, Alabama to Yankee Stadium.

"I had planned to practice law," he replied. "But while I was at the University of Alabama I became a sports-writer for the student paper and a student manager of athletics. I grew up under writers and coaches and accidentally prepared myself for a career I had never anticipated." He was also the public address announcer at sporting events, and during his junior year in law school he broadcast his first play-by-play of a college football game. His experience in Alabama helped win him a job with CBS in New York in 1937. He was spotted as a natural sports announcer when he ad-libbed for an hour when a rainstorm delayed the start of the Vanderbilt Cup Races. In 1939 he became the assistant to Arch McDonald, who broadcast the Yankee and Giant home games. Announcers did not travel with their teams then.

"At that time," Mel told me, "New York was the last major league city without any daily broadcasts of baseball games. The Dodgers, Giants, and Yankees all felt that radio play-by-play would hurt their attendance. It was really due to the efforts of a sportswriter named Bill Slocum, Sr. that baseball broadcasting came to New York. Bill, who was a remarkable man, went to work for General Mills to supervise their whole broadcasting program. Wheaties was sponsoring most of the baseball broadcasting in those days and it was Bill Slocum who persuaded the New York teams to open up this market to radio."

"Excuse me, Mel," a photographer said. "But the bartender sent me over to ask you to autograph his napkin for his wife." Mel signed the back of a press release for *The Game and the Glory*. The bartender smiled and waved.

"In 1940," Mel said, "I

took over the Yankee and Giant broadcasts, which I continued to do until I went into the army in 1943." In the service, Mel did a series of weekly programs on NBC. Each broadcast featured a different infantry weapon. Rifle, bazooka, machine gun, grenades. The purpose was to boost infantry enlistments and morale for the D-Day landings.

"Horace Stoneham had told me that he wanted me to broadcast the Giant games when I got out of the army," Mel said. "And I accepted. But when I was discharged in 1947, I got a call from Larry MacPhail of the Yankees. I went over to see him out of respect and he offered me the job of broadcasting the Yankee games. I said 'Gee, I already promised Mr. Stoneham that I would work for him.' Mr. MacPhail said 'I don't think the Giants have a station yet.' I went over to see Mr. Stoneham and, sure enough, he hadn't been able to line up a station to carry the Giants games. But he told me that I shouldn't let our agreement stand in my way if the Yankees were offering me a job. So I went back to Mr. MacPhail and asked if the job was still open. It was, and that's how I started with the Yankees."

A woman walked up for an autograph and said "I'll always remember you, Mel, when Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris were battling it out in 1961."

"Mickey would have broken [Babe Ruth's] record, too, if he hadn't been injured," Mel said.

"I knew it," the woman told me later. "I always knew that Mel was partial to Mickey Mantle. Did you hear him say that Mickey would have done it too if he hadn't been hurt?"

Clink clink clink. Spoon on glass. The Yankee dining room quieted down while Bowie Kuhn gave a brief speech plugging *The Game and the Glory*. The party picked up again.

Peter Golenbock, a con-

tributor to *The Game and the Glory*, and author of *Dynasty*, a book about the 1949-1953 Yankees, introduced himself to Mel. They traded baseball stories. I asked Golenbock why there weren't any more announcers like Mel Allen. "Television has made the game visual," he said. "What an announcer says just isn't as important as what he looks like. Those guys on the ABC Monday Night game could be spouting Jabberwocky and it wouldn't matter as long as they looked right."

Mel, who had been speaking with someone else, came back into the conversation. "I've got to disagree with you," he said to Golenbock. "There are some things that the camera can't pick up and the announcer can. In boxing, for example, if the announcer sees the fighter's knees buckle just a little, he knows the punch hurt."

"But television must have had an effect on the way a baseball game is broadcast," I said. "If the announcer can see things that the camera can't, what good does that do the viewer who expects to see what the announcer is talking about?"

Mel paused. I could see that the subject of television was a sensitive one.

"Of course TV has had an effect," he said. "I recall the seventh game of the 1955 World Series. The Dodgers were leading the Yankees two to nothing in the seventh inning. The Yanks had runners at first and second with one out, and Yogi was batting. I could see that Sandy Amoros was playing way over toward center, and giving Yogi left field. Although Yogi was a strong pull hitter, it occurred to me that he might go to left field. And sure enough, he did. I said it could happen and it did. Amoros made a sensational catch to save the game and the series for the Dodgers."

"But I got complaints from the agencies and complaints from management. Why was I mentioning where Amoros was

Wide World



October 10, 1964: *The Yankees meet the Cardinals in the World Series, but for the first time since 1938, the Voice of the Yankees sits in his Bedford, N.Y., home and watches as someone else delivers the play-by-play.*

playing when the fans couldn't see it on their screens? Of course, the camera can't move as quickly as my eyes can. By the time the director gets the right camera punched up, it's too late. And so naturally, with complaints coming in, with people telling you that you talk too much, you begin to think well, why not just sit there and say 'Ball one, strike one,' and let it go at that."

Because there were no official explanations when Mel Allen and the Yankees went their separate ways in 1964, I wondered if Mel's reluctance to compete with the cameras had been the reason behind his firing. Mel told me that he didn't know why the Yankees had released him. A former Yankee executive, however, says it was strictly a matter of business.

"Our sponsor at that time, Ballantine Beer, felt that Mel

wasn't as commercial as he once was," the executive told me. "Sometimes he'd talk right through the end of an inning and forget to do the commercial. I don't think he even realized it was happening. But it got to be a problem and we decided to make some changes. There were no personal problems involved. It was just that he had that tremendous gift for talking and he couldn't turn it off. We hated to see him go, but Mel was at the top for 24 years. Nobody stays there forever."

Two days after the publishing party at Yankee Stadium, I met Mel Allen in a studio on East 49th Street where he was taping the voice-over for an animated cartoon spot on *Sesame Street*. Mel's voice is still popular for commercials and narrations, not surprising for a man who has been elected to the Broad-

casters Hall of Fame and who was chosen "Salesman of the Year" in 1960 by the National Association of Direct Selling Companies. I wondered why Ballantine Beer had decided to fire a man who had put Ballantine Beer on the map, a man who made "Ballantine Blast" a synonym for home run, a man who could work commercials into the play-by-play ("Foul by the length of a White Owl").

The *Sesame Street* spot was a sports scene. A character named "Ferris" chases a baseball over the wall, over a stall, over the falls, and into City Hall. Mel stood by the microphone. The sound man pointed. Mel did his first take.

"It's a hit!" he said. "The ball is over the wall . . . and so is Ferris!" I sat up. Mel was announcing the narration in his old style. "It's over the falls . . . and so is Ferris! It's

into City Hall . . . and so is Ferris!" The effect is electric. There was a level of excitement in his voice that turned the cartoon spot into a World Series game.

He did a second take. It was better than the first. By the fifth take he was beginning to ad lib the Allenisms that made him famous. "... the ball is over the wall. How about that! It's into City Hall. *Man oh man!*" It was the old Mel Allen and he was putting me in the picture again.

And maybe that had been the problem. Mel Allen's talent offered a competing image to the television screen. His magic voice, with its "*Ballantine Blasts!*" and *Man oh mans!*" and "*Going, going, goes!*" and "*How about that!*," was a TV set unto itself. It made the ordinary picture tube look small by comparison. ■

STICKING IT TO THE DRONES AND ZOMBIES IN THE QUAKER CITY

The Nation's Scrappiest Editorial Writer Practices The Art Of Unfriendly Persuasion

'Your feelings are always right. That's what my analyst says.'

BY DAVID M. RUBIN If you are among the millions who don't read newspaper editorials anymore because you can't abide their gassy moralizing and determined mugwumpery, try the following:

Yes, the Chair

It's about time for Leonard Edwards to take the Hot Squat. Edwards, for those who haven't been following his worthless career, has been convicted of two murders. He's awaiting trial on another murder and the rape of a 14-year-old girl.

He's 29 years old. Hopes of rehabilitating this piece of human crud are doubtful. It's even wildly optimistic to use the word doubtful.

The last time Edwards was freed, it was on bail pending appeal of an overly generous third-degree murder conviction. He had just stabbed somebody to death and justice, in all its majesty, had found him guilty.

Edwards then went out and killed somebody else.

His second jury was right. He's not worth the upkeep.

Fry him.

Memorialized as the "Hot Squat" editorial, this broadside appeared last November, not in a Ku Klux Klan sheet, but in a metropolitan daily of 240,000 circulation—the Philadelphia *Daily News*. The writer, Richard Aregood, was not reprimanded or transferred to obits for this bloodthirsty cry. His editor, Gil Spencer, concedes he did put "Hot Squat" aside for a time because he "had some doubts" about running it. But, he says, "I feel very strongly about a free-wheeling editorial page, so I figured 'fuck it' and I ran it." A mug shot of Edwards, a black man who wears his hair in corn rows, ran next to the text, producing charges that the paper's editorial policy is racist.

Yet, while "Hot Squat" and other editorials (opposite) reveal the paper's support of capital punishment and disgust with incorrigibles of any color, Aregood has also praised the Miranda decision on the rights of the accused and is a strong supporter of civil liberties. He and Spencer have defended the rights of blacks, gays, feminists, street people and every other minority group that has been roughed up by the "drones" and "zombies" of an arrogant government. The paper has supported gun control, the Equal Rights Amendment, legalization of marijuana, federal aid to rival New York, the pleasures of baseball and even transcendental meditation in the New Jersey public schools. In

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Riled up and pissed off: that's how Aregood wants his readers.

the process, Spencer and Aregood have given Philadelphia an editorial page daring in style, unpredictable in stance and consistently combative in its opposition to power and privilege.

The secret of Aregood's popularity is that he is not really an editorial writer. He is round where they are square. At 33, he is much too young for the job. His background is not sufficiently weighty—police reporter, amusement editor, rock critic, slot man on the copy desk. In his blue Adidas, jeans and lumber shirt, he looks like a refugee from the *Berkeley Barb*. "Passion is important, it should show through," he says, in a voice as soft as

his editorials are strident. "I find something I care about and I just write it." He rarely reads other editorial pages, and his only stylistic influence has been, not surprisingly, the New York *Daily News* page of the venerable Reuben Maury.

Aregood's favorite word (and Spencer's, too) is visceral. He writes from the belly, "and people's bellies," he says, "don't have the same silly consistencies as their minds." Mainly he tries to react to events as his readers might, and get them "riled up . . . pissed off. . . . Your feelings are always right—at least that's what my analyst tells me."

Despite Aregood's spleen, he has never had an editorial killed, and only one rewritten. The man responsible for this freedom is Gil Spencer, who took over as editor of the *News* in October of 1975, after spending eight years as editor of the *Trentonian*, a tabloid daily in the New Jersey capital. He can also match phrases with Aregood, once comparing Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo to a "Tasmanian swamp weasel" in his ability to keep a campaign pledge not to raise taxes. Spencer writes a bylined editorial every Monday.

When Spencer became editor, he found Aregood had been writing editorials since the summer of 1975, and he left him alone. His only objection to Aregood's work is that he wants

more documentation "when dealing with large, fat, bitchy issues." He thinks readers should know *how* the paper reached its positions. On occasion, Aregood's humor is a bit arch, and his cynicism can be so overwhelming that the editorials might turn off as much of the readership as they turn on. Moreover, he rarely offers substantive proposals, preferring to be ornery.

The murder of Aregood's colleague on the paper—John S. Knight 3rd—has now stopped the fireworks on the editorial page. Knight, heir to the newspaper chain of which the *Daily News* and its sister paper, the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, are members, had been planning a new 9-star final edition when he was murdered last January. Spencer shifted Aregood from the editorial page to take over Knight's duties with the new edition. Since then, a journeyman editorial writer has filled in, without Aregood's fire. So we say:

Bring Back Aregood!

The nitwit editor who thinks 9-star finals (whatever they are) are more important than a ballsy editorial page ought to be busted to copy boy. Richard Aregood may have his faults—he can be a first-class simp at times—but in this year of bicentennial baloney we need a gutsy guy like Aregood to tell the flabby fatheads where to get off. ■

THE BEST OF THE AREGOOD OEUVRE

The National Nothing (January 16, 1976)

Today is National Nothing Day.

Let us pause in honor of the day and reflect upon the accomplishments of President Gerald R. Ford and his administration.

Murder Inc. (November 21, 1975)

A thinking person can feel crazy just reading the newspapers anymore.

Here's William Colby, the head of the CIA, defending his men who plotted doing-in various heads of foreign governments when they weren't using their time spying on Americans.

Don't let anybody know their names, says Colby. It may subject the would-be murderers to attacks by "unstable and extremist groups."

So?

The people these clowns were trying to kill can't be expected to show a lot of sympathy.

After all, they were already exposed to attack by the "unstable and extremist" CIA.

You play the game, you take your chances.

Living Argument (October 8, 1975)

That pitiful idiot who held 10 hostages in a New York City bank, claiming that he wanted \$10 million in gold and freedom for various Symbionese Liberation Army ding-dongs, is yet another living argument for rigorous control of weapons . . .

If there were a real licensing procedure for weapons, even one just about as rigorous as the one for driving a car, the Manhattan nitwit wouldn't have gotten one. Even the most cursory check would have spotted him.

Anybody stupid enough to trade two hostages for a six-pack of beer and a couple of roast beef sandwiches isn't even smart enough to be an urban guerilla.

The Protector (October 23, 1975)

Gov. Shapp did it again.

He protected us all from those hysterical know-nothings in the state legislature who would chip away at everybody's civil liberties because they can't personally deal with homosexuality.

Shapp vetoed the latest bill to bar admitted or convicted homosexuals from the State Police, the prisons or work with juveniles, the mentally ill and the retarded.

As long as a person can keep his or her sex life from infringing on the rights of others, its nature is nobody's business. Philanderers aren't barred from employment and they can be a personnel problem of awesome dimension.

A gay trooper wouldn't be any big deal.

Adios, Dictator (November 20, 1975)

They say only the good die young.

Generalissimo Francisco Franco was 82.

Seems about right.

No Specialist He (January 17, 1976)

It's hard to understand all this fuss about John F. Kennedy.

After all, Richard Nixon didn't just concentrate on women. He tried to do it to everybody.

Hey, Jerry (January 22, 1976)

Psssst. Hey, Jerry.

This should go without saying, but the way you bollix things up, it seems necessary to say it. The Thomas Paine stuff is dangerous. Paine did indeed urge, just like you said, that "troubled Americans stand up to the times that try men's souls."

But he wasn't talking about idly biting bullets while clowns like you and the major corporations you think are America are having your way with her. Paine was a radical, Jerry, a real one. He wasn't just a national icon to be whipped out at a Rotary Club luncheon.

What he wanted was revolution—against folks like you and your friends.

We'd go easy on the Paine, Jerry.

Popularity (December 18, 1975)

The Gallup Poll shows that Ronald Reagan is more popular than Gerald Ford. So is just about everybody.

A more appropriate test would be to run Captain Kangaroo against either of those two in a poll. Not only would he be more popular, he'd probably make a better President.

TELEVISION

THE ULTIMATE GAME SHOW

Don Adams Screen Test Offers Impossible 'Dream of a Lifetime'

Cowboy Clyde Edgar gets big break.

BY FRANK RICH

This fall, *Don Adams' Screen Test*, one of the most curious TV game shows ever aired, will die after a single season on the air. Few viewers are likely to notice. Syndicated to only 60-odd stations by MCA Universal, *Don Adams' Screen Test* didn't have much of an audience, really. Often booked into the so-called "prime access" time slot (7:30-8 p.m. EST), the show was mainly watched by people who didn't feel like getting up to change the channel between the end of the news and the beginning of prime time.

But, for people who care about these things, *Don Adams' Screen Test* occupied a unique niche in the game show world. For strangeness it surpassed even such curiosities as *The Neighbors*, in which housewives win cash for spreading nasty innuendoes about their closest friends, and the late, great, Hawaii-based *Diamond Head Game*, in which contestants in bathing suits jumped like seals as they tried to grab dollar bills out of a veritable geyser of currency.

Don Adams is something else. Like other game shows it is built around that sure-fire entertainment staple—humiliation. But unlike some shows, the prize is not material. No cash, no cars, no

convertible couches behind the curtains. *Don Adams* offers an intangible dream. The Hollywood Dream. If you are one of the countless millions who have never seen *Don Adams' Screen Test*, you owe it to yourself to catch a summer rerun while you still have the chance. This show is almost the perfect demonstration of how TV, when it puts its mind to it, can take our dreams and rob them of all meaning in the process of making them come true.

Each week the show begins with Don Adams, the some-

time TV actor (*Get Smart*) who serves as its creator and host, yelling out the taunting question, "How would you like to be in the movies?"

Each episode of *Don Adams' Screen Test* is divided into two segments. In each segment, a contestant gets to co-star in a screen test with "a major Hollywood star"—the screen test being a re-enactment of a brief, famous scene from a famous old Hollywood movie. During each of the two screen tests, the contestants and their stars are "directed" by Don Adams himself—which means mainly that the host runs around the show's facsimile sound-stage set cracking jokes and laughing like a hyena. Meanwhile, a judge—a real Hollywood director (usually from television)—studies the two screen tests and names one of the contestants the best actor at the end of the show.

That winner is then awarded a role "in a major Hollywood production"—to which he will be transported by "private limousine"—and is promised that "the casting directors of all the major Hollywood studios will be invited to a

special screening" of his screen test. The rest, it is intimated, will be showbiz history.

Of course, it doesn't work out that way, but the fascination of *Don Adams' Screen Test* comes from watching how the show systematically trashes everything it touches. Nothing that happens is quite what its host claims it to be: The screen tests are not screen tests, the "major Hollywood stars" who co-star with the contestants are not major Hollywood stars, and, most crucially, the promised "dream of a lifetime" is more like a carnival shell game. *Don Adams' Screen Test* is so synthetic that it has its own, inverse integrity: The show's air of unreality is perfectly realized; it's the *Alice in Wonderland* of prime access.

The clearest indication of the show's topsy-turvy logic can be found in the scenes that are re-enacted in the screen tests. These scenes have not been chosen, as you might presume, because they allow fledgling movie stars the opportunity to show off their acting skills. Rather, they are selected because they contain some piece of physical business that can be used to turn the contestant into a laughing-stock.

You can get the general tone of the fun from the show's publicists' own description of the various episodes, as set down in an MCA brochure. In one show, for instance, "Zsa Zsa Gabor guides a grocery clerk through what should be a fiery love scene, but which, with Don Adams' 'help,' turns into a torrent of laughs."

It's one of *Don Adams' Screen Test's* many cruel ironies that the screen tests usually end up humiliating the guest stars as effectively as they do the contestants. Most of the guest stars are not movie actors, but low-level TV personalities who make a living by running around from one TV game show to another.

If you didn't know which performer in a Don Adams



Dream-peddler: Don Adams (right) preps Frank Gorshin for scene from *Murder He Says*.

Frank Rich is the regular movie critic for the New York Post.

screen test is the guest star and which is the amateur—a real possibility given the obscurity of some of the stars—you might not be able to tell them apart.

At the end of each episode of *Don Adams' Screen Test*, the horseplay does at last subside—and we are shown a straight, uninterrupted version of the two competing screen tests. The screen tests are not recorded on film, however, but on erasable black-and-white video tape—which only makes sense, since the winners usually are awarded bit roles in TV shows rather than in movies.

Recently—though without the help or approval of MCA-Universal or Don Adams—I was able to speak by phone with one of the winners, Clyde Edgar, a self-described cowboy who sounds a little like Andy Griffith and lives in Brawley, California. In Edgar's winning screen test he played Henry Fonda to Shirley Jones's Barbara Stanwyck in a bit from *The Lady Eve* that also prominently features a horse. He taped *Don Adams' Screen Test* last July and returned to Los Angeles a month later to appear in an episode of the TV series, *M*A*S*H*.

"I live 230 miles from L.A.," Clyde told me, "and I went up there four or five times to audition, just because I had the time. I did it because I try to do everything I can in life"

"It takes them six hours to tape the screen test. Each contestant does his scene for three hours, and mine was from nine to noon. When we got on stage, they commandeered busloads of tourists to come in and sit in the audience, and they had laugh tracks and the whole works . . . But when we did the scene for the real screen-test version, there was no audience at all, just the stage hands. It was weird. Then you come back a few hours later for the part where the judge announces the winner, and they bring in some more busloads; these people

just come in the auditorium for ten minutes, and clap the winner when they see the applause sign, and then are booted out. I don't think they knew what the hell was going on. . . ."

"After I won, I went back home, and then I got a card saying they were going to bring me up to the Sheraton-Universal hotel. I got there, and the next morning a limousine came and got me at 9 a.m.—the driver was a real nice guy—and they took me to 20th Century-Fox. I got my make-up put on, and they did my *M*A*S*H* scene at 10:30. Then I had lunch with the directors, and with Gary Burghoff [a *M*A*S*H* supporting actor and frequent game-show guest star], and he was just the nicest guy in the world.

"Then they put me up at the Universal Hilton for another night, and that was great for a country boy like me—I've never seen as many people as that in my life. The next day our driver took me on a Universal studio tour—it was an extra thing that they didn't have to do."

I asked Clyde if he liked seeing himself act on television. . .

"Well, on the *Screen Test* show, I was on a long time, and I really liked that. But then the *M*A*S*H* show came on a few weeks later and—zip zap—I was gone. I could hardly even see myself, I was just in the background.

"No, I wasn't disappointed that I wasn't discovered. Oh, you could say that maybe the Don Adams people built up the movie-star stuff a little too much; a lot of people thought, 'Oh man, I'm going to be the cat's meow when this is over'—and those kids were disappointed. But I had a great time. I'd almost do it over again. See, my cattle operation here in the valley takes up a lot of time, and I didn't want to be a movie star. I just wanted to see the behind-the-scenes stuff, and I enjoyed that a lot, because now I know all about how TV really works." ■

TIMES WATCH

MONSTER AMOK IN NEWSROOM

John Noble Wilford's Daring High-Wire Act At Loch Ness

How we make applesauce in America

BY RICHARD POLLAK

Never mind the Loch Ness monster. What's happened to John Noble Wilford? As I write, a week has passed without a word from the *Times's* intrepid director of science news. Wilford, as even the most casual *Times* watcher must by now know, is the chief chronicler and cheerleader of the Academy of Applied Science/*New York Times* Loch Ness Expedition. He launched the adventure splendidly on page one, May 28 ("Scientists Plan All-Out Loch Ness Search") and followed up tenaciously in the days immediately thereafter. On June 6, you could hardly turn a page of the Sunday paper without finding monster stories. "The Search Begins At Loch Ness," advised the page-one headline over Wilford's dispatch from Drumadrochit, Scotland. "Loch Ness: The Logic Is There," reassured the headline over yet another Wilford piece in *The News of the Week in Review*. Elsewhere in the Review, a five-paragraph summary of the expedition was even more reassuring, concluding that no attempt "will be made to capture or do anything that might bring harm to the creature." But, as I said, this sort of saturation coverage has now

Richard Pollak is a founder of MORE and was its first editor. He is now associate editor of the magazine.

ceased. And for the moment at least, Wilford seems as mysteriously inaccessible as the monster itself.

I, for one, miss him mightily. Not because I care whether he and the Academy of Applied Science/*New York Times* Loch Ness Expedition find the monster (though I certainly wish them luck). But because Wilford, more than any reporter in recent memory, was showing us all how skillfully—and at what length!—one can write about nothing. Reporters, of course, do this all the time. The acres of farina that fill the *Times* these days suggesting energy and movement in our stagnant, omnipartisan politics are just one example. But Wilford's stunning high-wire act deserves singling out.

His opening salvo May 28 was a masterpiece of the genre. Beginning on page one and jumping to page three, it ran almost 70 column-inches, not including four photographs, a map of Loch Ness and a sketch showing how the underwater cameras would be deployed. Maps. Sketches. All that space. The *Times* wasn't fooling around; this was serious business. Yet somehow Wilford had to take into account the grim possibility that, for all the special cameras and sonar equipment, the monster might be away for the summer. This he did by deftly sprinkling his piece with unobtrusive qualifiers like: "it

seems that an agitated creature may have knocked over one camera" or "The bay . . . is thought by some experts to be where the creatures feed on salmon" or "This assumes, of course, that the creatures are vertebrates, which may not be a valid assumption." Wilford nicely hedged his bet, too, by pointing out that "success could depend . . . on how lucky the expedition is in planting its cameras where the creatures are."

Having established such a high standard of non-news reporting in his opening story, could Wilford possibly keep up the pace? Absolutely. For one thing, he had not even touched the vast possibilities of the weather over the Loch. "In the afternoon the stillness fell over the Great Glen," he began his first report from Drumnadrochit (June 4):

The morning drizzle drifted beyond the green hills, the wind died down and Loch Ness could settle itself. The dark waters became like a smooth sheet of shining obsidian, a mirror reflecting the steep hills, gray clouds and—some may say—the imaginations of those who had come here in search of the Loch Ness monster.

In the 29 paragraphs that followed, we were reminded yet again that the expedition is "sponsored by the Academy of Applied Science and The New York Times" and learned that Dr. Edgerton is 73, everyone calls him "Doc," he feels like "Columbus or Magellan or somebody like that" and can sing a deep-throated rendition of *Song Of The Volga Boatmen*. He is also "cheerful and chatty," Wilford reported, offering by way of support the following indisputable evidence:

When he saw a couple of children near the pier, Dr. Edgerton went over and handed them color postcard photographs of a bullet ripping through an apple. He had taken the picture to demonstrate the virtues of his high-speed photographic technology.

"This is how we make ap-

'A SOUVENIR OF LOCH NESS'



Nessie and Timesman Wilford: In case of doubt, bring on the shining obsidian.

plesauce in America," he told the children with a smile.

Such epiphanies and careful attention to detail graced each of Wilford's subsequent reports from Drumnadrochit. But he achieved his finest hour on June 11 with a story the editors, alas, buried on page 11. "Underwater Photos/Taken In Loch Ness/Show Other Camera," the headline read. Below which, Wilford reported:

DRUMNADROCHIT, Scotland, June 10—Charles W. Wyckoff, photographic coordinator of the Loch Ness expedition of the Academy of Applied Science and The New York Times, made a round-trip to London yesterday to have eight reels of 16-millimeter color film processed . . .

About midway through the 16,000 frames, Mr. Wyckoff showed clear, sharp pictures of another underwater camera rig the expedition has in place.

"What a difference between this year and last," he said, commenting on the quality of the pictures. "We ought to have something really good if old Nessie just played ball with us."

The day before Wilford's June 11 apogee, Andrew Rooney submitted an article on the monster rally to the *Times* op-ed page. Rooney is the resident wit at CBS in New York, so it came as no surprise to anyone that his piece twitted

the paper for co-hosting the Loch Ness extravaganza. What did startle the op-ed page editors, however, was some reporting in the second half of Rooney's piece. It strongly suggested that Robert H. Rines, president of the Academy of Applied Science and leader of the expedition, is something of a scientific hustler. David Schneiderman, assistant editor of the op-ed page, called Rooney a week after receiving the piece to say he was rejecting it because "it poses a lot of difficulties for us" and would require a lot of checking.

Not so much, actually. How difficult would it be to determine whether "Dr. Rines," as the *Times* dutifully refers to him, achieved that honor on the strength, according to Rooney, "of a degree he was given, after a brief visit to Taiwan, by National Chiao Tung University"? Or that "it followed the occasion of the gift of an electrical engineering research building to National Taiwan University by his father, David Rines, in 1969"?

"The Academy is a tax-exempt something," writes Rooney in his rebuffed manuscript. "'Organization' seems a little broad because Rines and a lawyer named Robert Needleman, also sometimes known as 'chief cameraman' on Loch Ness expeditions, seem to run it

themselves . . . In the income tax report filed in 1974, the academy reported total assets of \$14,589.12. It reported collecting membership fees of \$48,388.43 in 1972, the last figure available, and it had no employees at all." There is more in Rooney's piece, but Seymour Hersh needn't be called in on this one. Pranay Gupte will do.

Now the *Times* is not above taking a twist or two occasionally. Russell Baker did it nicely himself with "All The Ness That's Fit To Print" on June 19. But allegations that the *grande dame* of 43rd Street is in cahoots with a shady monster-hunter are quite another matter. And for a couple of days I speculated darkly that an embarrassed management had yanked Wilford off the case. But my sources on the op-ed page assure me that the substance of Rooney's piece never left that precinct. And my sources on the foreign desk, which hatched the Loch Ness expedition and sold it to managing editor A.M. Rosenthal, insist that I should stop fretting, that Wilford will be back in the paper soon.

Though the amateur muckraker in me thrills to the notion of exposing the *Times* in dubious alliance with the good Dr. Rines, I'm really quite relieved that no one at the paper seems particularly uneasy about him. For they are probably right not to. It's summer, after all, and the air is full of political twaddle. The Loch Ness caper may be just what we all need. Certainly what we don't need is a spoilsport launching a monthly department about the *Times* with a lot of dyspeptic mutterings about Rines's credentials or the fact that the paper is spending more than \$75,000 in search of Nessie when it can't seem to keep its Harlem bureau open.

As *Times* promotion writer Bill Harris told me, "The object of the game here is to let the world know that *The New York Times* is doing this." I have tried to do my part. ■

FOREIGN DESK

A TEMPEST IN A CHAMBER POT

London Readers Distressed By Acute Shortage Of Amenities

'Fie on you, Dr. Vidler . . .'

BY ANTHONY
HADEN-GUEST

On May 6, Dr. Alec Vidler, former dean of King's College, Cambridge, and a prolific writer of religious works, wrote plaintively to *The Times* of London about the unavailability of chamber pots. Nowadays, it seems, they are seldom found in their "rightful place either under the bed or in a bedside cabinet. It is true that most of them now seem to have found their way into antique shops and thence to the United States. But various sizes in plastic are obtainable and, for my part, I am ready to settle for one of those as a substitute for an elegant piece of plastic." Vidler concluded that he would quite happily clean the receptacle the next morning himself, rather than leave it for a "hostess or any minion." The letter was published under the heading, "An Awkward Shortage," and something profound in the national psyche was, evidently, touched.

A word, first, about the phenomenon of Letters-to-*The Times*. They occupy a choice spot, immediately alongside the leaders, and are just about as prestigious. "I suppose it stems from the days of the Empire," says Norman Grenyer, deputy letters editor. "The

days when *The Times* was supposed to have some influence with the government a letter to *The Times* could have some effect. Of course," he adds, "we're an independent newspaper now."

Well, the Thunderer's voice may have become diminished, but letters continue to come in at the rate of two or three hundred a day. "We're interested in authoritative letters," says Grenyer. "If the Archbishop of Canterbury writes in on Church of England policy, that's an authoritative letter. But that doesn't mean that we won't publish someone who doesn't think the Church is playing its part." Besides Dr. Vidler, May 6 offered three correspondents—including an emeritus professor and the

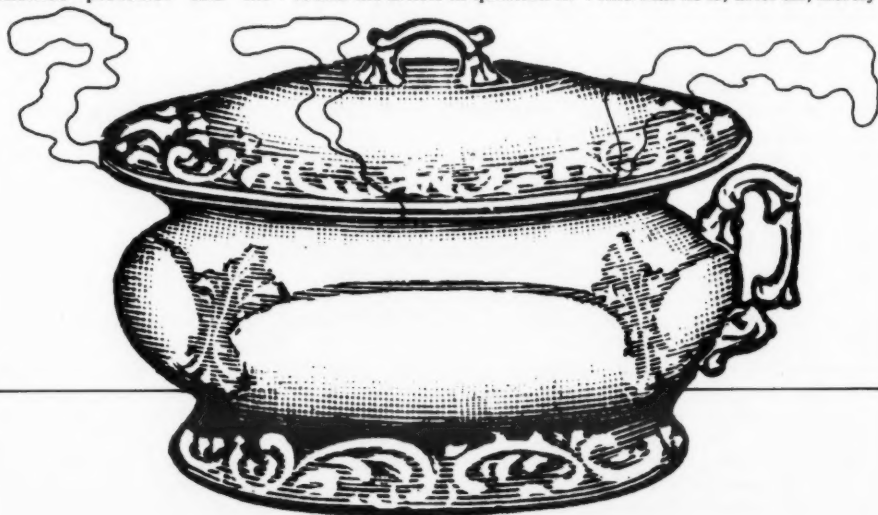
secretary-general of the International Commission of Jurists—on "Rhodesia and the right of hot pursuit." Dame Margery Ashby of the International Alliance of Women had thoughts on "Muslim women's progress," the chairman of the National Art-Collections Fund gave views concerning Dulwich art gallery, a labor Member of Parliament had a little joke on a current Who-Wrote-Shakespeare controversy and Lord Clark (of *Civilisation*) was eloquent about the ending of Sunday postal collections as "one more blow at the individual."

But nothing captivated the Authorities, great and small, quite so much as Dr. Vidler's chamber pots. "Sir," wrote a Mr. Cottam from Suffolk on May 8, "Dr. Vidler should take his own chamber pot when visiting. Packed in the ordinary suitcase in a neat plastic cover, it makes a useful receptacle for sponge bags, socks, collar studs, draft sermons and so on." Phoebe Kemp from the Wirral was a bit oblique the next day, pointing out that "In most hotels in the otherwise empty bedside cupboard there is a Bible." Mrs. Bliss of Senior's Farm, Shaftesbury, wrote that Canon Vidler's tale wrung her heart, adding that in a "diocesan retreat house . . . although I found the article in question in

its stable by the bed, it was upside down and on it lay a little note written in firm but unmistakably feminine capitals: OUT OF ORDER."

On May 12 there were two letters, one from a Suffolk clergyman who announced that in the future the receptacle will be "affectionately known as 'The Alec Vidler'" and a mildly censorious note from a Cambridge auctioneer which stated, "Fie on you, Dr. Vidler, for being content with a plastic reproduction. Surely the only fitting accompaniment to complete that elegant practice, the country-house weekend, is a Georgian silver pot?" The writer added that one such, "a fine example, hall-marked for 1818 and with a tightly fitting lid and two handles" was put under the hammer in 1966 by a vendor who explained that one of his ancestors used it in his official coach when Lord Mayor of Leeds. "With this background," concluded the writer, "the auctioneers were able to maintain that the suggestion advanced that this piece was merely a soup tureen did not entirely hold water."

More humor followed. A woman from Clwyd on the Deeside noted that when young she had thought that Dr. Vidler was God, and was now "a little disappointed to find that he is, after all, merely



Anthony Haden-Guest is a British writer living in New York who has never written a letter to *The Times* of London.

human." A lady from Knightsbridge, London, cited Lord Byron and Lord Egremont, not to mention a French thinker in 1870 who found the query "Who will empty the chamber pot?" gleefully useful in discussions of communism.

On May 19, Professor Alan Thompson of Edinburgh University revealed that "a light and elegant model" was available on the first-class sleeper between Edinburgh and London, but not on second-class sleepers. "It is a disturbing thought," mused the professor, "that the chamber pot—once a classless and functional object in the days of Victorian utilitarianism—is becoming our newest status symbol." The next day, a gentleman from St. Albans confided that, "I once saw the article prominently displayed on the luggage rack of a car speeding down the Champs-Elysees," concluding, dreadfully, "a Vidler on the roof."

On May 21, a student reassured Professor Thompson. Chamber pot facilities were available on trains between Edinburgh and Birmingham, not merely for second-class passengers, "but even [for] students like myself, travelling half-fare." He finished, resonantly, "Have the powers-that-be pre-empted the NUS"—National Union of Students—"in the struggle against elitism?" That same day, Lord Cohen of Birkenhead, a Companion of Honour, quoted from the reminiscences of the late Lord Justice Mackinnon, concerning a Speaker in the old House of Commons, who had a pot beneath his chair. "When he desired to use it," Mackinnon explained, "the Clerk at the table in front of him stood up and raised his elbows, so that his gown might provide a screen."

May 22 saw several more in print. "It was in 1942, I think, that I enjoyed the relief of a long weekend at St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden,"

Bishop Kenneth Healey began in tremendous style. "The peaceful setting, the milage of books, the excellent company, the stimulating talk . . . Candle-guided, late, to my room, I sat still reading, and writing home to say how wonderful it all was, before deciding to turn in. And then in that strange, silent, darkened, seemingly vast building, I discovered the awkward shortage . . . And who, think you, was the learned and kindly warden of that famous establishment? Yes: Dr. Alec Vidler."

This was followed by a few tart words—"Sir, Far from using it, well-mannered people do not even remark on it"—from a Mr. John Herbert, Pendyffryn, Gwent. (The Welsh bourgeoisie were always a sour, unsprightly lot.) And there, for the moment, the matter now rests, though *The Times*, which runs slow, if not invariably deep, never formally announces: This correspondence now closed. "We might get a tremendous letter tomorrow," says Norman Grenyer.

What all this means in terms of "media" or as a glimpse into the British psyche in stressful times, I haven't too much idea. It's restful somehow that the substance of the great chamber pot controversy is self-evident without the use of a single vulgarity. It's also worthy of note, I suppose, that in these chaotic times so many bishops, law lords and landed ladies should occupy themselves with such trivia.

Peter Cook predicted a decade ago that Britain would sink into the sea, giggling. Perhaps. But in 1915, a letter to *The Times* from the Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, worried about the shortage of leeches. "Whilst General Joffre and General von Hindenburg persist in fighting over some of the best leech-areas in Europe, possibly unwittingly, this shortage will continue," complained the Master. ■

NUTS & BOLTS

WHAT MAKES THE TUBE TICK?

Orthicons Aren't Vidicons And No One Says Iconoscope

Albert Einstein didn't understand it either.

BY ROGER FIELD

Everybody is a TV sophisticate today. While once it was fashionable for intellectuals to pretend no TV experience at all, it's now all the thing to be highly sophisticated about TV "as a medium," as popular culture, as myth, ritual, you name it. If it's on the tube, somebody is bound to be theorizing about it at cocktail parties.

But few of these media intellectuals can tell you exactly how television works. The first thing to know is that there's really nothing humiliating about not understanding the inner workings of television. Dr. Albert Einstein didn't, and ironically he won a Nobel Prize (in 1921) for his superb analysis of the so-called "photoelectric effect"—which was more crucial to the development of a working television system than any other physical concept.

Let's start with the TV camera. Every television camera consists of a lens to focus impinging rays of light into an image, and a light-sensitive tube to convert that image into electrical signals. The bigger pedestal-mounted cameras to this day use a refined version of the original "iconoscope" called the "image orthicon." Portable

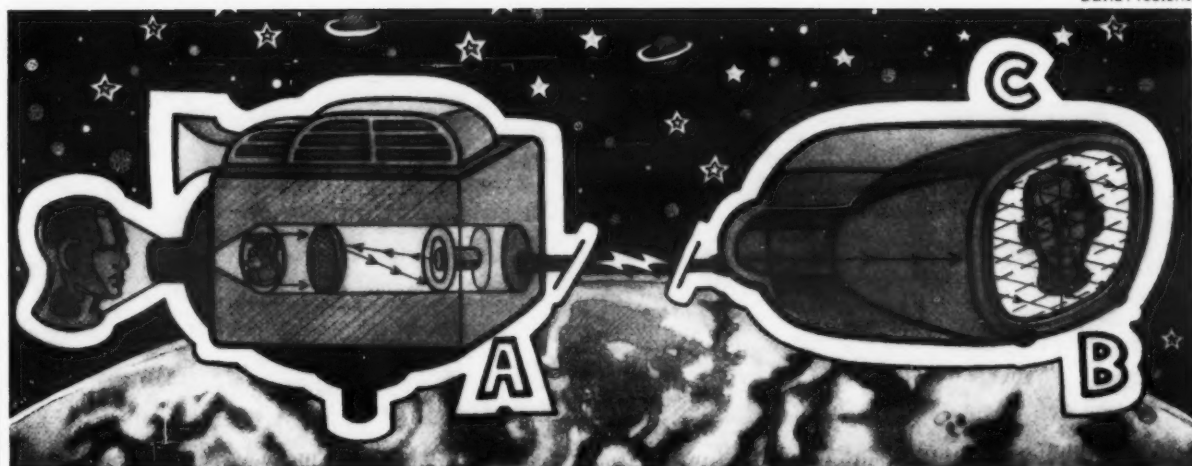
Roger Field is a science reporter with NBC's News and Information Service and writes a monthly column for Science Digest.

cameras use a rugged miniature variation called the "vidicon." It is gauche to intermingle "vidicons" and "orthicons," and nobody but nobody says "iconoscope."

It is at the face of these tubes that video pictures begin their long journey as electrical impulses. More technological effort went into designing the precise configuration of this surface and the rest of the tube behind it than any other single component in all of television. The father of these tubes—Dr. Vladimir Zworykin—worked on their development at Westinghouse Electric until that company lost patience with the whole idea of transmitting pictures through the air. Zworykin then joined RCA, where he spent another ten years developing a working iconoscope and ironing out its bugs.

Basically, light coming from the lens falls on the surface of the orthicon or vidicon. This light, a form of electromagnetic energy, is absorbed by light-sensitive free electrons on the surface of the tube. These are propelled by that energy into the space behind the face of the tube. The number of electrons ejected by any given area of the tube surface is in proportion to the intensity of light from the image that falls on that surface. Registering the pattern of light by counting the electrons ejected from the surface then becomes the great game inside a television camera. And it's got to be

David Prestone



The TV camera's orthicon tube (A) translates the visual image into an electronic signal, which is received by the cathode ray tube (C) of the home TV set. It is then reconstituted into a visual image by the electronic scan lines on the screen (B).

done extremely quickly.

The counting is done on a target disk immediately behind the surface of the tube where the image now exists as a pattern of electrons that aren't there—the absence of the ejected, negatively charged electrons leaves behind a pattern of positive charges on the target. This pattern in turn is bombarded by a strong beam of electrons from the rear of the tube. These hit the target, then—depending on how positively each point on it is charged—some bounce back to the rear of the tube where they are collected and counted. The entire effect is to translate the original light image formed by the lens into an electrical signal whose strength varies in accordance with light patterns in the original picture.

The most important thing to remember about this counting process is that it's done line by line across the target—that is, the electron beam sweeps across the target starting at the top and moving left to right in horizontal lines measuring the intensity of the light at 427 points along each line, 535 lines in all from top to bottom. It takes 1/30th of a second for the beam to record a top-to-bottom "field" image of the picture pattern on the target in this fashion.

So what the TV camera

picks up and transmits from this target is not a complete moving picture, but 535 horizontal strips of an image, 30 times each second.

However insignificant the painting of a broadcast video frame may be scientifically, it does take place with astonishing frequency. In essence, the sum total of a day's commercial programming from all sources is no more and no less than 46-trillion 980-million of these frames.

Let's shift now to your own television picture tube. If you could slip inside you would witness a most curious sequence of events. From the neck of the tube—the part that causes a lump in the back of the set—comes a beam of electrons fresh from your local station transmitter and carrying by means of "synchronization pulses" the 535-lined images picked up by the camera. They emerge in machine-gun fashion to spray back and forth across the inside of the glass screen, which is coated with phosphor. High-voltage plates inside the neck make the beam sweep from side to side, always starting from the viewer's left, and top to bottom. It starts in the upper left hand corner, first moving toward the right, dropping slightly as it goes across the screen, then darting straight

back to start its next trace. However, contrary to popular belief, it does not paint a line at a time; it paints every *other* line at a time. In a sixtieth of a second it reaches the bottom line, at which point it zips back up to the top and starts filling in these missing alternate lines. Each zig-zag pass across the screen from top to bottom creates one-half the picture, technically called a "field." Any two successive fields make up one complete picture, known as a "frame." Thus, there are 60 *fields* created every second, but only 30 *frames*.

What happens when this electron beam strikes the screen, of course, is precisely what another great physicist, Heinrich Hertz, predicted in 1887. The phosphor-coated screen glows wherever it is struck by fast-moving electrons—the "photo-emissive effect." On an atomic level, these swift electrons are knocking loose relatively stationary target electrons orbiting around the nuclei of atoms in the phosphor. When these negatively-charged electrons—attracted as they are by the positive electrical charge of the nucleus—fall back to their original positions, they give off electromagnetic radiation in the form of light—the picture you finally see when you turn on your set.

Color is another paradox. Most people paying \$400 for a color set simply assume it will produce moving color pictures. It does not. What it does produce are *colored* moving pictures—there's a difference, and not just a semantic one.

The present "compatible color" system suffers from a simple malady: it crams all the color and black-and-white images into the same exact portion of the airwaves formerly used to transmit only the black-and-white. This leaves unanswered an interesting question; namely, where and how is the color transmitted? Turns out, by various sophisticated techniques of electronic trickery, all the color is squashed to a fraction of its normal content, then stuck up at the top of the signal along with the sound—relegated to no more than a seat in the baggage compartment, so to speak.

Simply put, what the viewer sees on his screen can more accurately be described as a nice black-and-white image with a color wash. In other words, if you took an ordinary photograph printed in a newspaper, colored it with watercolor and made it move, you would have a pretty good description of the present color television picture. The upshot is that even the most expensive color set in

the world cannot deliver a picture that even touches the image quality easily obtainable with ordinary color film in all but the cheapest box camera.

The net effect of all the flickerless interleaving of alternate lines and the vivid color wash, from the politician's point of view, could be good or bad. This mostly depends on what kind of nervous twitch he is likely to have at the time of his appearance before the cameras. Vertical twitches and abnormal frontal features of the face are likely to be emphasized by the present system, while other irregularities often escape the Big Video Eye. For example, during his final weeks in office, physicians all over the country were analyzing Richard Nixon's television appearances. His heavy eyelids and odd mouth movements, some felt, were clues to which tranquilizer his physician might have been prescribing during his ordeal. On the other hand, fairly large nervous movements of neck or cheek muscles—of the sort sometimes attributed to John Kennedy—would escape detection by television, even if the person in front of the camera feels totally engulfed by uncontrollable undulation.

Interestingly, the first color system—designed by Dr. Peter Goldmark, then head of CBS Laboratories—was a (non-compatible) UHF system with full color modulation, not a wash. It was beaten out by the present compatible VHF system.

But had the outcome been reversed in the broadcast color competition of the early 50s, and the Kennedy-Nixon debates been broadcast in Goldmark's full color modulation, the sharper, richer color might have taken the edge off Kennedy's seemingly more relaxed image, revealed certain of his twitches more clearly, and possibly made the difference between the two candidates seem less disproportionate and changed the outcome of that extremely close race. ■

PUBLISHING ADVERTISING FOR THYSELF

Breaking New Ground In Search Of The Perfect Blurb

'It looked a little peculiar.'

BY MICHELE SLUNG

James Thomas Flexner is a Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award winning author, for his four-volume biography of George Washington. So it stands to reason that when a book entitled *The Face of Liberty*, featuring a collection of portraits of the founding fathers, was published by Clarkson N. Potter, a division of Crown Publishers, the advertising department would have been thrilled to have a quote from Flexner endorsing the book. In an ad in the March 28 *New York Times Book Review*, Flexner did just that, calling the book "the most lavishly illustrated volume yet to appear on American portraiture's golden age." The only catch is that the author of *The Face of Liberty* is James Thomas Flexner.

Everyone in publishing knows that it just isn't all that easy to sell a book. And everyone in book advertising, while not exactly in a Sisyphean position, knows they have an uphill job. The quotation ad is the most exploited copy approach simply because it's been found to be the most successful. In these ads, quotes—or blurbs—that declare how very extraordinary a book is are con-

Michele Slung is the editor of *Crime on Her Mind*, issued recently in paperback by Pantheon.



Beard: Can't deny his weight.

tributed by preferably well-known admirers—a not insignificant percentage of whom often seem to be friends of the author, the publisher or the agent. But while Frank Perdue can tout his own chickens, it definitely looks more like foul play when writers seem to be extolling the virtues of their own books or book projects.

James Thomas Flexner was unruffled when asked about the ad for *Face of Liberty*, explaining that the quote is "lifted from the introduction and simply refers to the amount of illustration." He went on to agree that he "thought it looked a little peculiar, but I've been an author for so many years that

I'm used to seeing all kinds of things appear." Ken Atkatz, the advertising manager at Crown Publishers, said that in this instance he had used a blurb from Flexner because he had no other quotes on hand. Atkatz figured that "because I'm talking about books and addressing literate people, there's no deceit involved."

A coffeetable book called *The Joys of Wine*, resplendent with art and oenological lore, was put together by Clifton Fadiman and Sam Aaron. Published by Harry N. Abrams and costing \$45, the book includes among its 450 pages four pages of text and recipes by noted food authority James Beard. It also numbers among its 17 glowing quotes in a full-page *Times Book Review* ad (Feb. 15) a handsome bit of praise from the same James Beard, who declared, "The most wine truth and beauty ever bound in a single volume."

"I didn't think we were being devious since there's a photo of the book jacket with Beard's name right on it," says Lena Tabori, publicity and advertising coordinator at Abrams. Asked why having Beard's name attached to the book itself wasn't enough, Tabori replied that "there's no way to deny the weight his name carries. It was impossible not to want a quote from him."

Beard's agent, John Schaffner, spoke for his client, who was out of town. "Jim probably feels perfectly free to give a blurb to that book. He's not going to gain anything by it, and Sam Aaron is a good friend. Jim, I can assure you, has no share in the royalties." Schaffner was adamant in his defense of Beard's integrity, stating that his client is frequently approached but won't "endorse anything he doesn't believe in." As evidence, Schaffner recalls that Beard once tested a well-known bread coating at the behest of the manufacturer but decided that, where crumbs are concerned, he preferred his own. ■

ROSEBUD

THE UNSUNG MUCKRAKER

Jeff Gerth's Four-Year Pursuit Of Sidney Korshak Pays Off

Teams up with Sy Hersh on crime story.

BY JACK NEWFIELD

They used to call Tommy Henrich "the ballplayer's ballplayer." They said it because the old Yankee rightfielder had skills so subtle, so original so discreet only fellow professionals; could appreciate them.

Thirty-one year old Jeff Gerth is a muckraker's muckraker. Gerth, a freelancer, has published only three major articles. But each piece has contained so much seminal material that it has been admired, clipped and sometimes plagiarized by other investigative reporters.

Now Gerth's underground reputation is about to surface before a national audience. He and Pulitzer Prize-winning Seymour Hersh have written an 18,000-word series for *The New York Times* on power broker Sidney Korshak and Korshak's connections with organized crime, the Teamsters and Gulf + Western Industries, Inc. The series portrays Korshak, a Los Angeles-based lawyer, as the senior intermediary between legitimate and illegitimate capitalism.

The editors of the *Times* also deserve credit for bending tradition by employing a freelancer for a major news story and investing \$25,000 in expenses for six months of speculative digging on the Korshak story. (Ironically, Gulf +

Jack Newfield is a senior editor of the *Village Voice*.

Western chairman Charles Bluhdorn, a key figure in many of the connections traced by Gerth and Hersh, was presented the City Club "Man of the Year" award last January by *Times* publisher Arthur Sulzberger.) The *Times*



Gerth: "No distinction between crime, business and politics."

took a chance on Gerth, even though he had a \$6 million libel suit, filed by alleged racketeer Moe Dalitz, hanging over his head. Hersh convinced the *Times*' editors of Gerth's uncommon talents. It was the first time Hersh ever worked with a collaborator.

Gerth has several distinctive skills. He knows how to get his hands on original resource documents—SEC records, depositions, probate wills, litigation transcripts, internal FBI memos. He does this not only better than most other journalists, he does it better than many law enforcement professionals. Gerth and

Hersh dug up more data on Korshak's power than the L.A.P.D. had in 30 years.

Gerth also has a fundamental understanding of the complexities of finance and laundering money. He majored in business at Northwestern and Columbia Graduate School, and he can read a 10-K form, or an annual statement, like an accountant. Gerth and Hersh are both swarming, unconnable interviewers. They play Bad Cop/Bad Cop effectively. And last, Gerth has the most necessary quality of all—a passion for hard work. "Sy and I pushed each other very hard," he recalls. "In one four-day period, we conducted 28 interviews in Chicago. We did more than 300 interviews altogether."

Jeff Gerth grew up in Cleveland, "in a milieu of

organized crime, and he read the transcripts of the McClellan and Kefauver hearings into organized crime. And he met Walter Sheridan.

Sheridan had worked with Robert Kennedy on the Teamster investigations of the 1950s, and he talked to Gerth about Korshak's great, invisible power. That was in 1972. Gerth investigated Korshak on and off for four years, but he also did other things. He worked for several law firms as an investigator in corporate fraud cases. He wrote a piece with Lowell Bergman on the Teamsters pension fund and the La Costa resort, for the March 1975 *Penthouse*.

Moe Dalitz, Allard Roen, a convicted stockswindler, and several other subjects of the *Penthouse* article filed a \$630 million libel suit. Gerth became his own pre-trial investigator, and used the subpoena power, discovery proceedings and examinations before trial as mechanisms to gain access to even more documents and tapes.

These sorts of investigations often require—or induce—compulsiveness in reporters, but Gerth seems to have maintained a nice sense of balance about life. "You have to be able to get away from what you're doing," he says. "You can't let it consume your life. You can't become an obsessive about the thing you're investigating."

With the Korshak series, Gerth seems to have outgrown the limited sphere of organized crime. He now wants to write about "unaccountable invisible power in a democracy. . . . There is no distinction between crime, business and politics. You can't really write about one without writing about the other two." Subjects that interest him are labor corruption, pension funds and the collusion between businessmen, union leaders and politicians. "And I'm interested in banks. There is a lot of mystery about what goes on inside banks, how the money moves, where it goes. ■

Jewish businessmen, some of whom, I later found out, had strange connections."

In the fall of 1972, Gerth published his first article in *Sundance*, the radical newspaper. It was called "Nixon and the Mafia." Typically, the slow, careful Gerth worked on the piece for "about six months" before he turned it in. The article contained some original material on Nixon's real estate transactions in Florida, and on his early relationship to Bebe Rebozo and former Florida Senator George Smathers.

Gerth then began to read Hank Messick's books on

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